SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. No. 36 Carter's Alley, Below Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. | PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1840. | TERMS. $3 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 986.

Original Contributions.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Stanzas.

Would'st have me forget thee, and bury the past
Neath the shadow of Lethe's sombre wave,
No thought of regret on its pages to cast,
To brighten the gloom of the grave;
No dream of thy Beauty to cheer with its ray,
When the storm-cloud of misery lowers,
No picture the image of each gladsome day,
As pure as the hues of thy flowers.

Would'st have me think lightly on scenes that have fled,
Nor treasure their memory yet,
As sunbeams at parting so faintly are shed,
We gaze at them, but to forget;
As never tinted visions of memory to fling
Their semblance of bliss on the mind,
Except as the glad strains that Angels shall sing,
When love shall be free as the wind.

Would'st have me forget thee, when Beauty and mirth,
Rules in triumph, and scenes of delight,
When the soul has its fulness too joyless for earth,
And the blue eye of beauty is bright;
When 'round the hearth, at the evening's calm hour,
The household is gathering for prayer,
Or hush'd is the glee of youth's merry bower,
Would'st have me forget thee, e'en there?

Would'st have me forget thee when music is heard,
Neath the halls of the dazzling and fair,
As gladsome and free as the wild mountain bird,
Its viewless forms 'mid the sweet air.
Or when 'mid the dreams of the midnight I rove,
Again by each river and glen,
Fancy to breathe of affection and love,
Would'st have me forget thee, e'en then?

Would'st have me forget thee, when sunset is fading,
Like visions of joy from the heart,
When the shadowy wing of affliction is shading,
Each bright thing that pleased at the start;
When from the gay circle my lone heart is shrinking,
To worship thy image anew,
The pilgrim athirst at the desert well drinking,
Yet lingers because they are few.

Would'st have me forget thee, when time shall destroy
The roses that bloom round thee now,
When thine eye shall have lost all its beamings of joy,
And gone is the crown from thy brow;
When the first sunny freshness of childhood has fled,
And thy pathway is starward no more;
When the perfume that breathed from thy flowers is dead,
And the song of the Syren is o'er.

Would'st have me forget thee—my dreams are all gone—
The debt has been cancel'd in tears,
I went on the ruins of happiness flown,
Entombed with the flight of the years.
Has it here nothing except to forget,
A name that once blended with thine,
Then come what may, I've a talisman yet,
Engraven on memory's shrine.

Philadelphia, 1840. S. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Devil's Rock.

A Tale of Land and Sea.

BY GARNET CLEW.

"The sea! the sea!"

It was a cloudless evening, and the full moon, pouring a flood of silvery radiance over the old trees of Lawton Park, sailed majestically on high, with a countenance as undimmed as when she first smiled on Eden, before sin and sorrow had come in to desolate the world. The grassy lawn, sprinkled here and there, with clumps of trees, stretched away in front of the house, ending in a dark old wood, some of whose oaks had stood there since the days of the Conqueror, and whose long dim vistas, opening dreamily away from the sight, disclosed now a herd of deer and the obscurity, and then a solitary prospect of bosky trees, rolling uplands, and a patch of the sky peeping through the forest in the distance. The sound of a waterfall, mingled with the low rustle of the leaves, came gently to the ear with a soft and soothing influence. It was indeed a scene such as is rarely witnessed, unless in those quiet old aristocratic parks, which have grown grey with antiquity, without losing their freshness or their beauty.

On a balcony of that old hall, looking out upon the moonlit scene, stood two beings as yet in the first flush of youth. They were both beautiful; one was exceedingly so. A faultless form set off by features of unequalled outline, would have won for Clara St. Leger, the epithet of beautiful even if she had been the child of poverty, instead of the heiress of the broad land of her fathers. But in her eyes all these advantages were nothing, for they could not afford her that happiness for which her young soul thirsted. In a word she loved, and loved too, one whose want of fortune was, in her parent's eyes, an insuperable bar to their union. That one stood now by her side, waiting to bid her farewell, ere he set out from the proud halls of the recluse, whom he had inly vowed to visit no more. Henry Lamartine, poor though he was, scorned not to take the bounty of the man who had repulsed his suit, although his departure was bringing tears from those eyes which he had not seen dimmed before. And now as he stood beside that beautiful girl listening to her half stifled sobs, as she strove to alter his determination, he thought how different might have been his fate if, instead of being born a dependent, he had come into the world the heir of broad lands and a knightly name.

Henry Lamartine was the son of a female branch of the great St. Leger family, and being left an orphan in early infancy, had never known aught of a parent's affection. Tossed about from one wilful relative to another, just as selfishness became dictated to his rich connexions, he had grown up to the age of twelve without ever knowing the meaning of home; and when one of them, to rid himself of the young orphan, had procured him a midshipman's rating in the royal navy, he hailed this new and exciting life with more real pleasure than he had ever known before. Ardently attached to the profession, he had continued in the service until the arrival of peace, and in that time, having been buffetted about in every quarter of the globe, had learned much of the world's callous indifference to those whom fortune gifts with neither wealth nor title. At the conclusion of the war, however, and the reduction in the naval establishment, he had yielded to the oft expressed wishes of his cousin Mr. St. Leger, to retire from the service, at least partially, and reside at Lawton park on his half pay for a while. With a Lieutenant's commission in his pocket therefore, and a versatility of talent which pleased all classes of hearers, Henry Lamartine at the age of twenty-three, set out to visit the seat of the head of his mother's ancient family.

In inviting the already celebrated young Lieutenant to his residence Mr. St. Leger thought only of his own gratification, and the eclat that would attend his mansion from the presence of one already somewhat known for gallantry in his profession. He did not dream that so silly a thing as falling in love with each other would ever enter the head of either his daughter or the young Lieutenant; and as he had long destined his beautiful heiress to be the bride of some titled neighbour, who might uphold the honor of the family, he did not imagine that by any possibility his intentions could be thwarted. Not that Mr. St. Leger was a harsh parent, or a foolish adorer of rank. Though only a commoner, his family had moved too long among the titled ones of the land to be dazzled by a coronet, and in fact he prided himself so much upon his ancient birth that he would have scorned an alliance for his daughter with even a duke, had he been a *parvenu*. These were odd points in his character it is true; but there are more Mr. St. Legers than one.

The continued opportunities which the two young relatives enjoyed of being thrown into each other's society without check or limit, soon however, raised up an insuperable barrier to Mr. St. Leger's designs, by creating, in the heart of the young heiress, a love for Henry Lamartine, which was as pure, as it was fondly returned on his part. Passing most of the day in each others company, and full of all the hope and buoyancy of youth, how could it be expected that the one should not betray his long hidden affection, and that the other should not listen to it without reproof? And so it was. In one word they loved. It was a bright dream, but it was soon over. An accident discovered the real state of affairs to Mr. St. Leger, and cursing his own folly in not seeing the danger before, he resolved to crush all hope in the bosom of his young relative at once. He did so; but in a manner, which, though unintentionally so, was galling to the proud heart of the young lieutenant. For the first time since he had been at Lawton Hall, he felt his dependence. He vowed to leave it at once, and never again to darken its threshold.

"And now, Clara," said the young man, with an agitated voice, "I must bid you farewell. God knows how painful it is to me—but it must be said. Perhaps," he continued, and his voice quivered as he spoke, "we may yet meet in happiness. I am only the poor Lieutenant, with no fortune save my own good sword; but I will yet carve out with it, a name which shall be heard of even in these proud Halls—but forgive me, I will not speak harshly of them for your sake. Clara—look up," he continued passionately, "only for a moment, and then—farewell."

The weeping girl lifted her tearful eyes to his, and for a few moments they conversed in low broken sentences. There was a lock of hair severed from that fair head—a hurried pressure of the exquisitely delicate hand, and then the young officer sprang hastily from the balcony, mounted his steed, and—was gone. A fresh flood of tears came to the maiden's relief,—and pressing, bluskingly, to her lips, a ring he had in that parting moment given her, she stood gazing after the retreating horsemen until the most distant echo of the hoofs had long died upon the air.

A year passed by, and Clara St. Leger though as beautiful as ever, was no longer the gay laughing creature she had been once. Her smile was sweeter but sadder; and her face was, oh! how ethereal! Her health began to decline without any perceptible cause, though her parent's heart often smote him with suspicions of the truth; and he found himself wishing more than once that the gallant young Lamartine was less his relative, or more wealthy. It was in these circumstances that he suddenly received a message, calling him to Copenhagen to look after a large investment which had fallen into the hands of a house expected to become bankrupt. He hastened to obey the summons, and though his property was soon secured, yet as he found his business would detain him in the Northern Capital for a month or so longer, he determined to try if a change of scene would not be beneficial to his daughter. He seized a favorable opportunity, therefore, of writing for her by an old captain of the commercial house, into whose hands he had removed his funds, and in whose care he could confide his daughter. Clara embarked, in consequence, for the first time, on that treacherous element of which her lover had told her so many tales.

And during these changes, where was that lover? She had received one or two letters from him, in the last of which he told her that he had determined to leave England, and seek in some more stirring region for that employment without which he could not now hope to make himself a name. It was a somewhat melancholy epistle and drew many a tear from Clara's eyes. He had found all chance of employment at home, frustrated by his want of patronage, and he had but one friend, he said, left in the world beside herself, an old weather beaten sailor, who had attached himself to his fortune, and resolved on following him in all his reverses. Like him, he had been unfortunate, and was now alone in the world. Clara read the letter again and again, weeping anew at every perusal. Alas! she felt misfortune must have indeed overtaken her lover to make his sanguine spirit think in a strain so melancholy.

It was about a year after the departure of young Lamartine, that a solitary individual, toward the close of a November day, might be seen standing musingly upon one of those giant cliffs, which, jutting out into the North sea upon the eastern coast of Scotland, have withstood for centuries the lash of the surges, and the anger of the storm. The night was setting in dark and lowering. Far away to the north a thick bank of leaden colored clouds lay piled on the horizon, which half an hour before had been without a speck. The wind came in fitful gusts, now moaning with a wild thrilling sound, and then dying away in a boding silence. One moment the white foam would curl along the billows, and in another nothing could be seen but the dark blue waters heaving sullenly up and down. A few sea birds wheeled screaming around the base of the cliff, or went skimming away toward the sandy beach farther up the coast. The surf broke with a hollow sound against the base of the precipice, flinging its spray half way up the craggy side. Not a sail was visible except a solitary fishing boat, making the best of its way into the neighboring cove; and a square-rigged vessel, hull down on the horizon, standing across, under a press of sail, toward the Baltic.

As the stranger gazed upon the scene, the sky grew darker and more threatening, while the heavy swell rolled in with increasing violence, breaking on the shore with a voice like thunder. The gloomy canopy in the eastern seaboard rose rapidly toward the zenith, and the wind howled in fiercer puffs across the already agitated sea. Every thing betokened an approaching storm. The stranger eyed the scene for a time with indifference, but suddenly catching a glimpse of the distant sail like spray on the horizon, he seemed to betray some anxiety as he muttered audibly,

"If I were on board that craft yonder now I'd give a year's pay for a better offing. This north easter will put her back upon the coast unless her crew are unusually skilful before it has gone eight bells in the middle watch—what say you Lennox?" he said, turning suddenly around to an individual who was that instant seen coming up. "Can yonder barque breast the tempest or shall we have her back on the coast before morning?"

"I ken yer honor's too auld a carle," answered the man, with something of a Scotch accent, "not to hae the signs o' the sky at your finger's ends. We've foregathered thegither it may be sin a twelvemonth syne, and I never kenned yer honor to hae been mistaken yet in the signs o' a tempest. I ken the coast like I kenned my father's ha' bible when a bairn, and when the Devil's Rock is whitened like that," said he, pointing out to a black ledge of rocks about a mile seaward, over which the waters were breaking in whirlwinds of foam "thin ye may understan' that the storm will be none of your child's play kind."

The speaker was habited in the dress of a fisherman, but there was a neatness about his costume unusual in men of that profession. His countenance too, though, browned with exposure, and furrowed with the lines of age, had a benignity about it that seemed little in unison with the usual hardy, and daring expressions of men of his class. A few gray hairs were seen stealing beneath his hat. He was, in short, in the decline of his years, and though obviously belonging to a humbler rank in society than his young companion, seemed to stand more in the light of an adviser than a servant to him. They were both evidently sea-faring men, and seemed bound together by some common adventure, in the pursuit of which the usual distinctions of society were forgotten or overlooked.

"I ken this coast weel," said the old man, after a pause of a few moments, during which the two men had been engaged in scanning the ominous horizon, "and a more awfu' storm has not vexed these coasts for years, than the one now gathering in the sky. The puir bairn that watches for a father to-night, and the bonnie young wife that looks for her gude mon will weep their een dry before mornin, or the signs o' the airth and sky are na the signs they were when I was a chield here," and the old man sighed, as the memory of former days rushed across his rugged bosom.

"Let us in," said his young companion, turning away from the frowning sky, with a look of disappointment, "we can scarcely put out from Criffelhaugh to-night, and the hour for our supper has long past—has it not?"

"It was that which brought me out to yer honor, for scanty as the meal may be, a hard crust and a cup o' water is better than an empty binnock and na drop at a'!" and with these words the two companions passed from the cliff, and descending a rugged path on the right, soon found themselves in a homely but comfortable cottage, standing on the edge of one of those little fishing villages, which skirt the shores of the coves, scattered here and there, like oases in a desert, along that otherwise bleak and iron bound coast.

Whatever might have been the intention of the two companions about putting to sea that night, and it seemed to have been their design to have embarked for the continent,—the violence of the tempest which soon burst upon their roof drove it altogether from their minds. As they sat beside the blazing ingle they could hear the storm raging without in all its fury. The driving of the rain, the creaking of the frail houses, the deep voice of the neighboring surf, and the wild uproar of the wind, now howling fiercely out, and then shrieking shrilly away in the distance, formed a discord which might have struck terror even to the stoutest heart if exposed to the pitiless anger of such a tempest. Suddenly, however, another sound was added to the uproar. The young man listened intently—was it a cannon booming across the night? The two men started to their feet, gazed inquiringly into each other's faces an instant, and then as the sound was heard once more sullenly echoing from the deep, they seized their hats, and, as if actuated by the same impulse, rushed out into the storm.

No sooner had they entered the little street of the village than they perceived a crowd hurrying toward the landing place; while the flashing of many lanterns, and a confused murmur of tongues told of the uncertainty how to act which reigned among the excited villagers. As the wind died momentarily away, the deep boom of the signal gun from some vessel in distress echoed again across the night, and turning his eyes hastily toward the offing the young man discovered a white object, not unlike the outline of a ship's figure, about a mile out to sea, careering along with a velocity which told how fearful was the gale. He had no doubt it was a vessel in distress, and perhaps the very one he had seen at sundown in the offing. She had already been visible for more than half an hour running madly down toward the coast, but though a crowd had been all that time collected gazing on her it was only within the last few minutes that she had become sensible of her own danger.

"Gude preserve the puir mortals," said an old woman of the group, "and the bairns of them that are on board, for before the sun shall rise to-morrow the haill crew will be as stiff and as cauld as the mountain snow."

"Ye may weel say that," answered an old weather beaten fisherman, "for ye ken the Devil's Rock lies anent their course, and if they strike on it they'll be riddled thro' and thro' in na time, my gude woman. Hark! there they go—oh! its an awfu' night."

It was indeed as he said. Driving helplessly before the gale, with her sails streaming out in ribbons, and her huge bulk rolling half under at at every lurch could be seen the late gallant ship; and just as the youth rushed upon the landing, she disappeared for an instant in a cloud of foam, and was seen the next moment transfixed upon the fatal rock, while the angry surges whirled by her in sheets of driving spray. Even amid the wild uproar of the tempest a shriek of agony borne faintly from the ill-fated vessel, rung in the straining ears of the listeners, and as they heard, a thrill of horror shot through their nerves, and sent the blood back in icy currents to their hearts.

"Can nothing be done to save them?" said the young stranger, after a moment of thrilling silence, stepping forth into the front of the group, "shall we see them die, and not lift an arm to rescue them! where is the life-boat?"

"I dinna ken wha ye may be," answered one of the fishermen "but if ye were as auld as I am ye'd ken there was ne'er a boat in Scotland could live on sic' a night as this. Hoot awa! mon, ye're a braw lad to look upon, but dinna cast your life awa' for a boodle."

"Live or not live, I cannot stand here and not make a single effort to save those poor wretches out yonder. We may be ourselves to-morrow in as great a peril, and shall we suffer them to perish without a struggle, though their shrieks for help," he added passionately, as a faint cry swept down from the wreck, "can be heard over all the howling of the storm? Away with such advice. I have seen service, for I hold the king's commission: and will risk my own life. Where is the life-boat? There is surely one on the station."

The progress of this short address was marked with a singular change in the feelings of the crowd. At first it was listened to with a disapproving shake of the head, and the counsels of the old man appeared to predominate; but as the youth proceeded, his impassioned manner insensibly touched his hearers, until when he ceased speaking, the feelings of the younger portion of the crowd could no longer be restrained, but found vent in a long and hearty cheer.

"Where is the life-boat?" again demanded the young man as soon as the uproar had in a measure subsided.

"To the life-boat—to the life-boat," shouted the young fishermen enthusiastically as they led the way to the station-house.

"I winna thraw cauld water on your designs, young mon," said one of the older of the group, making a second effort to restrain what he considered madness, "but the better half o' the life-boats crew are down at Leith, with the revenue cutter that lay aff here a week syne."

"We must go ourselves then," answered the young man unhesitatingly, "since the regular crew are not here, I count on enough volunteers to effect my purpose—come my lads," he added turning to the younger portion of his auditors, "which of you will venture yourselves with me?"

There was a silence of a moment, during which strange feelings ran through that little group.—The attempt was one of great peril and they knew not but it would be fatal. One had a father he was loth to leave: another thought of his poor old mother by the ingle side: but the memory of the greater portion was occupied with some "bit lassie," or other, whom they had enshrined the foremost in their bosoms. These feelings caused a momentary silence; but it was not the pause of fear. It was broken by a young man stepping boldly forth.

"I will go with you," was his emphatic address as he took the hand of the young stranger.

"Huzza for Allan McCrean," shouted the crowd.

"I will go too—and I—and I—and I," said as many athletic young men, catching the enthusiasm, and stepping forth into the circle around the stranger and his older companion; and in less time than we take to describe it the crew was made up, the boat launched, the volunteers took their stations, and amid the cheers of the men, and the tearful prayers of the women, the adventurous craft put out into the storm. As she rose buoyantly upon the giant surges, her long slim bulk would seem for a moment to be almost perpendicular, and then shooting down upon the farther side, she would be lost sight of altogether, until she would once more appear, rising from the raging abyss, and shaking the foam gallantly from her dark glossy sides. A more athletic crew perhaps never put to sea in a gale from that little port; and truer or bolder hearts, as was proved by their daring expedition, beat not in human bosoms. Long did the little group watch their retreating forms, now buried in spray and now re-appearing like magic, until at last, as the night grew darker and wilder, they faded into shadowy indistinctness, and finally vanished altogether in the thick gloom of the offing. Long, however, after the last glimpse of her had died on the seaboard, their eager listeners fancied they could catch, amid the occasional pauses of the tempest, the measured song with which they kept time to their oars. But this too at last ceased, and they heard no more of the daring adventurers. Leaving the lookers on, however, to watch the return of the voyagers, let us follow the young stranger and his crew in their wild and stormy path.

The night had hitherto been unnaturally light, so much so, that even the wreck could be discerned from the village; but scarcely had the life-boat put out into the offing, before the sky closed in with a black frowning canopy, stretching from pole to pole. The wind too seemed to gather a new fierceness, pealing out in tones absolutely deafening. The sea ran mountain high, and could be heard breaking on the neighboring coast, with a roar that almost shook the heavens.—Clouds of spray flew in a thick mist past the adventurers; and at every surge, their frail boat rocked like a plaything to and fro. Still, however, the little crew pulled lustily ahead, sending their song forth as a signal on the ominous night.

"Hark!—was that a human voice? are we not nearing the wreck," said the young stranger after a half an hour's toil against the tempest.

"It's as dark as the eye of the evil one," answered his follower, "and we dinna see a single mark to tell where we be. But I ken this place well, and could I but catch a wee glimpse of the sea around, I could tell ye to a fraction where the Devil's Rock, and the puir ship-wrecked mariners be."

"I will send up the rocket then," said the young stranger.

The long reed hissed a minute slowly, and then with a loud rushing noise shot up into the sky, and arching gracefully over, burst into a thousand shivering sparkles, illuminating the horizon, for a moment, as with the light of day.

"There she lies—God help the puir bodies till we can reach them," cried the old man, as he turned his gaze to the right, and directed the attentions of his companions to a low dark object, like the hull of a vessel, seen distinctly for a moment, amid showers of foam, and then vanishing again in the impenetrable darkness,—"ease off starboard—together now."

"Give way, my lads, give way," shouted the stranger, as a faint cry came up from the wreck, "we have almost conquered—a few more strokes and we shall have gained the ship."

"Look out," broke in the old man, with startling vehemence, "mind that surge ahead—hold on all."

The wave came roaring and hissing on, lifting its giant front far into the sky, and hurling its dark waters in a solid mass upon the frail boat, buried her for an instant beneath it. For a moment the little crew thought all was over. But after a breathless pause of suspense, their gallant craft emerged from the inundating waves, and rising gallantly upon the surge, shot forward on its way, propelled with new vigor by its athletic crew. A few more strokes brought them to the wreck, now fallen into two parts, and lying broken, shattered, and dismantled upon the outer rim of the ledge of rocks. It was the work of scarcely a moment to receive her crew on board, almost frantic with joy as they were, and after a pause of not five minutes, the boat shot off from the wreck, and began once more to buffet the waves on her return.

"Stop—hold—for God's sake return," shouted the rescued captain of the merchantman, "the young lady is missing—I thought she had got on board among the first."

"A young lady—is there another female on the wreck?" hastily asked the young stranger; for he had noticed a woman cowering down in the bow of the boat.

"Yes—yes—and there she is—see she cries for aid," said the excited captain, pointing to the already distant wreck, where a shadowy form was indeed seen, extending its arms and imploring help.

"It won't do, captain," grumbled one of the rescued crew, "we'll swamp if we go back—look how the breakers are boiling on the ledge—we'll take the law in our own hands, if it is attempted."

Regardless, however, of the open threat of the man, and the lower mutterings of others of the rescued crew, the young stranger paused not a moment, but sternly ordered the boat instantly to put back. But the relative positions of the two vessels had now been greatly altered, and the difficulty of re-gaining the wreck was increased threefold. It was a terrible venture, and the stranger's heart misgave him, when he saw the hazard he was running, and remembered how many lives might be sacrificed in the endeavor to save one. But the crisis, though terrible, was soon determined. A few vigorous strokes brought the gallant boat once more under the quarter of the ship, and with his own arm hastily seizing the form of the deserted girl,—the stranger placed her in the buoyant craft, gave the order to put off,—and the next instant beheld the life boat and her gallant crew speeding like an arrow before the storm.

It was a quick but thrilling passage, that one from the wreck to the little port. Men held their breath in awe, as they gazed upon the mountain billows rearing their crests into the sky, and threatening to overwhelm that puny bark; and not a word was spoken, except now and then a muttered prayer, and the low calm orders of the stranger. As they neared the shore, the suspense became almost overpowering. The danger that had been surmounted only made the present crisis the more absorbing. To have perished on their voyage out would not have been half as bitter as to have gone down on their return almost within hail of land. These thoughts filled every one on board,—as steering by the lights of the little town, the adventurers and those they had rescued rapidly approached the breakers. Already was the foam curling along the tops of the swell, not a half a dozen fathoms ahead. In another instant all would be over. Every one drew a long breath, bracing themselves firmly for the shock.

"Easy—starboard, there—hold on all," shouted the young stranger, as they were whirled without control, into the boiling vortex.

For a moment it seemed as if their most sanguine expectations were about to be realised, for the long, slight boat had already shot safely through the most dangerous portion of the surf, when suddenly, from some unaccountable cause, she swerved bodily around, and the next wave meeting her broadside on, heeled her over into the abyss. There was a splash, a cry, a few struggles and the wild breakers were seen careering on over the spot where the life-boat had been lately visible.

"They are lost—ropes—give us a rope—oh! my bairn, my bairn," were the exclamations of the crowd upon the shore, as the little craft and her freight disappeared in the foaming breakers.

"No! thank the Lord, they yet live," said the humble pastor of the village, as with bowed head and a tearful eye, he pointed to a form struggling in the abyss, "help here—out yonder—see you not a man buffetting the waves?"

The eager crowd hurried to the spot, and a few of the boldest rushing out as far as they dare into the retiring surf,—ropes were thrown to the strugglers, who now appeared scattered along the breakers, and in a few minutes most of the crew and those whom they rescued were brought to the shore. Only two at last were missing. They were the young stranger, and the female passenger. One of the men said that as the life-boat was overturned he saw the lady sinking in the wave, and that the young man plunged in as if about to go to her aid. The pastor shook his head mournfully. The waiting woman, who had been saved, shrieked historically for her young mistress,—and the old companion of the stranger could scarcely be restrained from rushing into the surf in a vain attempt to rescue his master.

"The Lord's will be done," solemnly said the good man, "it is not our doings but His."

"Hark," suddenly said one of the crowd, "I thought I heard a hilloo out here, a little down the cove—O no —it was not—

"Yes!—God be praised," gasped the old follower, "it is a human form—see,—it buffetts the waves—it is him."

"And he bears a female form" said the pastor "help him, help—quick."

The enthusiasm of the crowd could brook no control. The sight of the noble youth, bearing in one arm the half-drowned lady, and throwing back the waters manfully with the other, inspired the men with a dauntlessness only second to his own. A rope was flung out into the breakers, manned by a score of men, reaching almost down to the very verge of the surf, and when they saw that the stranger had succeeded in grasping the line, with a shout of exultation he was run rapidly in to the shore. They would have relieved him of his half lifeless burden, but as the light of the torches fell upon her countenance, he started, uttered a hasty ejaculation, and turning deadly pale, put back the intruders hurriedly, and bore her hastily to the nearest cottage, where he laid her on a cot, called almost frantically for aid, and seemed like one devoid of reason until the good pastor, who officiated also as the village physician, assured him that all danger was over, and that a few minutes of proper attention would restore the sufferer to consciousness. It was not till assured of this that he could be brought to leave the room.

A half an hour of agonising suspense ensued, during which the young man walked the floor of the adjacent room incessantly. At last the welcome intelligence was brought him that the young lady had recovered. Her first question had been to ask after her preserver, whom she was anxious to see in person to return him her thanks.

The young man needed no second summons, and a smile played on his face as hastily crossing the threshold he entered the low chamber. There was no one in it but the fair being he had rescued, who, pale and still weak, reclined in an ample chair opposite the entrance. The room was dark, and as the face of the young man was in the shadow of the curtains, the fair girl did not for a moment recognise the intruder. In her sweet low voice she had begun to express her thanks, when he stepped forward hastily into the light, and said,

"*Clara!*"

It was a simple word; but the hearer started, looked a moment doubtingly at the speaker, and while a crimson flush rushed over her snowy neck and bosom, she sprang from her seat and the next moment fell into her lover's arms. Need we say it was Clara St. Leger and the young Lieutenant!

"And you it was that rescued me," murmured the grateful girl, lifting her eyes confidingly up to her lover's face.

"And I thank God for it too, dearest" answered he tenderly, pressing her to his bosom in a first, holy embrace.

The fair girl made no answer, but her eyes were full of tears. Were they those of sorrow or of joy?

The history of Clara's voyage was soon told. She had travelled from Lawton Park to Edinburgh, and embarked at Perth, in pursuance of her father's letter. They were, however, on the coast when the storm arose, which had ended by wrecking them on that rock-bound shore.

Need we tell the rest? The prejudices of Mr. St. Leger, against his young relative, were not strong enough to withstand his claims as the preserver of his child. In less than three months, his only daughter became the bride of Henry Lamartine. Years have since passed by, but Clara, is still as beautiful as ever. There is a little Clara too, very much like its mother, and a Leger St. Leger, who is a great favorite of his grandpapa. A happier fireside than the one at Lawton Hall, cannot be found in the wide realm of Britain; but it is never more happy than when the prattling children, climbing on their father's knee, win him, amid the blushes of the mother, and the nods and winks of the old squire, to tell of the denouement of the wreck upon THE DEVIL'S ROCK.

EXQUISITE DESCRIPTION OF FEMALE BEAUTY.—Mason had the true touch of poesy in his soul, though it did not often display itself in his *Caractacus, Elfrida,* or *Botanic Garden.* But his lines on the death of Lady Coventry, and those on the death of his own wife (a perfect gem!) are enough to establish my position. The whole range of English poetry does not contain a more fascinating delineation of female loveliness than the following stanza from his pen presents:

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, mark'd a new-born grace
That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last

To Night.

BY SHELLEY.

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which makes thee terrible and dear;
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea and land,
Touching all with thine optic wand;—
Come, long-sought!

When I rose, and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead—,
Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved night;
Swift be thine approaching flight;
Come soon, soon!

The Progress of the Arts in the United States.

AN ADDRESS

Before the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Mr. President,
and Gentlemen, Members of the Artists' Fund Society.

I know that I express the feelings of many others, in congratulating you warmly on the prosperity of your Association. The opening of your new and commodious Hall of Exhibition, on a site very generously secured to you by the Academy of Fine Arts, with the rich collection of your own more recent and beautiful works arranged within it, gives assurance of your successful zeal in the past, and warrants the best hopes for the future. You need no longer complain that you are without a resting place and home, and the scandal of seeming alienation between a Society of Artists and a Society of the friends of Art, has ceased. We now see that, though there may be different views of policy, a sincere desire to promote the healthful growth of Art, binds you together in a union, perhaps the stronger, because without a literal covenant. Kindness has been proffered, and kindness has been accepted. You have shown yourselves above that petty pride which refuses honorable aid in a good cause; and the Academy have shown their willingness that you should be set before the public in a good light, even at the expense of being thrown themselves into the back ground. So close a neighborhood, formed in such circumstances, cannot fail to be fruitful of good offices.

The fact, that, as associated Artists, you are conscious of sufficient strength to assume the entire management of your own interests, is, in itself, cheering. For if it be true, that since the Painters of Siena were chartered in 1355, under those admirable statutes for the government of the profession which, for truth and clearness, have never been surpassed, Artists have proved themselves to be the best judges of what the honor of the Arts may demand, it should also be remembered, that in their earlier infancy, they have always needed and sought kindly nurture from those who have the taste to admire, and the means to reward, what they have not the happy genius to execute.

It is not until the friends of Art have become numerous through the influence of Art, that Artists can be independent of the few. They must themselves form the general taste upon which they are to live, and that can be done only by constant and patient addresses to the public eye, in works of genuine merit. Taste is governed by sentiment, rather than professional dictation. You can neither write, nor lecture us into a sense of Art; but your brush or chisel may win, when the best pen and most eloquent tongue can avail nothing. In illustration of this, how many a traveller from this western world, who, at home, listened incredulously to high-wrought descriptions of the great masters, has, in one hour spent between the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome, felt within him the birth of a passion for Art, lasting as life! But then again how very few, except the learned artist, practised critic, or observant anatomist, can enter at once into the merits of Michel Angelo! They may have studied the hundred volumes which have been written upon his works and genius; they may have conned by heart Sir Joshua Reynolds' lectures, and prepared themselves to exclaim, as the doors of the Sistine opened before them,

"Michel più che mortel!
Angel divino!"

but if any home-returned tourists, garrulous of foreign wonders and themselves, pretend that they fell into ecstacies on their first visit to the chapel, we need scarcely doubt that

"They talk of beauties which they never saw,
And fancy raptures which they never knew."

We are willing to believe Michel Angelo the first of Artists, because that rank is given him by those who are the best judges, and perhaps, in time, we might be educated into an appreciation of his greatness; yet, until then, it is a matter of faith. But when critics tell us of the mild glories of Raffaelle, sublime in his serenity, or of Domenichino's touching truth, making the beholder tremulous with sympathy, we yield a ready assent, because we can feel them. Gentlemen, you must make us feel Art, and afterward we shall be glad to hear from you homilies upon taste.

One good Artist sows the seed of a liberal harvest for many successors, not only by the encouragement of his example, but by the excitement which his works give to the public appetite for the pleasures of Art. Collections, such as you exhibit each season, made up from your various departments and styles, and thus addressed to our various taste and capacity to enjoy, must, as indeed experience has shown, call forth the latent love of many an eye and mind for beauty of form, color, and composition. Some scene of quiet nature, with its bending trees mingling their shadows in the placid waters; or gorgeous landscape of rich autumnal hues, such as visit no land but ours; or sea piece, where the struggling vessel heaves and tosses on waves which foam around her, as the brush of Birch can give them action, will excite a desire that other spots, endeared by tender associations; or remembered view, which we lingered long to gaze upon and sighed to leave; or thrilling incident of former adventure might be present, by the magic of your art, when the reality is far distant, or long since past. The marble, which, to an unpractised eye seems cold and inexpressive, from its polished pureness and classic severity, when wrought into the form and features of the great we revere, or the faithful we have cherished, will soon assert its power to give superior dignity, or spiritual tenderness, to memorials of virtue, loveliness, and truth. If the portrait of one dear friend speak to us from the canvass, how natural is the wish that graphic images of all who form the circle of affection should remain, when the grave shall have hidden their decaying dust? Filial piety will entreat you to trace the venerable countenance of the parent whose race is nearly run; the mother, to secure her a longer enjoyment of her child's infantile graces; and the husband and father, to combine for him in one loving group his pleasing wife and circling offspring.

Fed by such grateful indulgence, may we not hope that a growing taste and liberality will learn to appreciate the noble talent of Epic composition? Then, instead of being content with hanging upon his walls mere family likenesses, which, however gratifying they may be to affection, the painter's skill can rarely invest with grace or dignity, the lover of his country and of virtue will seek to impress his own, and the young minds of his household, with scenes of American glory, and the attractive teachings of pictured morals; admiring citizens will combine their gratitude, and place high upon pedestals of honor statues of our heroes and sages, inviting posterity to unite with them in doing homage to public virtue, and in learning lessons of patriotic devotion; and legislatures, representing a generous public spirit, warrant the employment of genius in giving majesty to halls of office, and elegance to resorts of the people.

It is melancholy to think of the talent which now lies dormant among yourselves, gentlemen, for want of encouragement; and to see in your annual catalogues such a repetition of "Portrait of a Lady;" "Portrait of a Gentleman;" when we know that some, at least, of the pencils which produced them are capable of far higher achievement. But in a country like ours, where there are no princely houses and few large fortunes, you cannot hope for great advances in the public feeling of Art, but by reaching the people generally. In the present state of political controversy (and there is little prospect of a speedy amendment) the expenditure of public money upon works of Art would expose the best administration to defeat from the virulent assaults and impeachments of opposing partisans, many of whom know better, but are willing to use any methods, however mean, of political advancement. The people would be persuaded by their sophistries, that nothing should receive the public patronage, but that which is immediately and palpably useful; and that, contrary to the suffrage of all history, the Arts, which refine and beautify, are unworthy the regard of simple republicans. This prejudice, so fostered, can only be met among the people themselves, by a wide diffusion of Art, in its cheaper forms. It might, with truth, be affirmed that the same statues which were the admiration of Athenian democrats, or now delight the houseless lazaroni of Naples, could not stand in our public squares without mutilation until to-morrow morning. There is brutality enough among us to count it a good joke to knock off the nose of the Medicean Venus, or decapitate the Antinous. Yet the love of Art is indigenous to no particular soil; nor is it inherently confined to any particular race. The child's pleasure in his picture-book, and the crowds which gather before the print-shop window, prove that there is an innate taste, which needs but to be cultivated to acquire force in any land. It is the habit of contemplating works of Art which, in the course of years, forms the public taste for Art. The decorations and symmetry of their public temples, and their public memorials of heroic deeds and ancestral glory, taught the Greeks to identify encouragement of Art with religion and love of country. Italy, before Grecian genius shone upon Etruria, was barbarous and blind; and the Roman, as he first appeared, was only stern and warlike. Even in the time of Augustus we read of no successful native Artist, where, in more modern centuries, such glories of genius have shone; where now the roughest lithograph bears the stamp of merit, and the poorest peasant, crushed as he is by despotic rule, swells with the thought that the land which schools the world in Art is his own. The same change, despite of our Anglo-Saxon lineage, may pass over us, and with more than Grecian freedom, and ancient Roman valor, we may acquire the taste to feel that national character loses nothing of its dignity by being draped with grace.

Yet, I repeat, this can only be accomplished by reaching the mass of our people who must control the national sentiment. Modern improvements in Art furnish great facilities for this work of refinement. Those, whose means are too narrow to purchase original designs, can find a cheap, but delightful gratification from the engraver's art, so successfully cultivated by some of our own countrymen, among whom are estimable associates of your own. Engraving is the true child of Painting,

"Mater, pulchra filia, pulchrior;"

and with filial zeal does she advance her mother's honor. Indeed, the burin deserves far higher estimation, gratitude and encouragement, than we are wont to give it, for bringing within the reach of many, what must otherwise have remained the privilege of a few, and thus preparing the way for a wide-spread influence of higher Art. A good engraving of a good picture, in its effect on the mind, is incomparably superior to a painting of ordinary merit. It gives us the drawing, the shadows, the composition and air of the master, refining the eye and taste, perhaps the more, because the coloring is not imitated. If it be true, as a critic of the best rank has asserted, that a connoisseur in prints is more than half accomplished as a judge of painting, it must also be true that a general diffusion of good prints would secure a general relish for Art in its more elevated and original forms. The painter, therefore, should regard the engraver as his best friend, and one who, never aspiring to be a rival, is content to serve under his shadow for a humble portion of the larger profit and praise which he assists to win.

It is certainly most pleasing for the generous admirer of Art, and lover of human happiness, to think of the vast numbers, whom the ingenuity of recent years has admitted to a share in his enjoyments. The prolific family of Annuals, long after their feeble literature has ceased to attract, amuse and delight by their elegant embellishments the vacant hours of those, who have received those offerings of affection, and of the visiter, who awaits, beside their centre tables, the anxious toilet's slow delay. The very bullionist smoothes his brow while contemplating the bank note's graceful ornaments, and though lamenting that

"So fair
A promise should deceive th' admiring trust,
And be not what it seems,"

must confess that the vignette is worth something, though the security be never so doubtful. The invention of lithography, and the great advance in wood-cutting, besides the service they render to science, have enlivened with glimpses of Art the walls of many a humble dwelling, once poor and mean; and allure the tasteful school-boy through a flowery maze to orthography and syntax, which it required our utmost courage to approach, when the *aditus* to their mysteries was guarded by a frowning "vera effigies" of Noah Webster, unlike any possible thing but a nightmare realisation of the nursery hobgoblin. The Penny Magazines, as they are published in Europe, (and I hope soon to be able to say in this country also,) carry to the poorest of the people, wood engravings of master pieces in Art, and specimens of natural history, which the most finished critic would not disdain to admire; and there may be as much heartfelt enjoyment in the evening circle of the poor man's home, around a fresh-cut number of the weekly visiter, as an amateur can feel before a Corregio or a Claude. I have often thought that I could forego the pleasure of listening to Mozart's best overture, for the sake of witnessing the delight dancing in the eyes, and dimpling the cheeks of a group of country children around a Savoyard's hand-organ, or some unwashed minstrels singing the songs of their far-off Rhine; but, I am sure that I never see an Italian castmonger staggering beneath his load of Graces and Napoleans, Tuscan vases, Walter Scotts and Dianas, without wishing him well as an unconscious missionary of Art, come from his sunny land to minister pleasure to the lowly, and refinement to the rude; for, though the moulds, from which they are taken, be worn and old, his casts yet retain something of the stamp of genius, and give sufficient gratification to excite a wish for more. The lithographs may be rude and gaudy, cinerary urns be turned into flower vases, goddesses made to hold candles, and cross-legged Cupids to read little books; but you will rarely find, in a humble family, a taste for these ornaments unaccompanied by neatness, temperance, and thrift. They are like the cherished plants in the window, the green creepers in the yard, or the caged singing-bird on the wall, signs of a fondness for home, and a desire to cultivate those virtues which make home peaceful and happy.

But, gentlemen, independently of benevolent considerations, we must not allow ourselves to despise such methods of Art, because we have been educated by fortunate circumstances, or inspired, as you are, by a more fortunate genius to perceive its higher beauties. It is chiefly from them, that we must hope for the awakening of a national taste. The ancient states where Art most flourished, were small in territory. Every citizen of Attica could look often upon the glories of the Parthenon and the Pœcile. The temples of Elis, of Delphi, and the sacred Delos, and even the desert shrine of the Lybian Ammon, attracted vast crowds of religious pilgrims. The various public games brought together the most generous youth and sage elders, not merely to engage in exercises which displayed the finest forms in the finest attitudes, but also to enjoy the poet's noblest lays, the painter's best pictures, and the sculptor's most finished works. The aristocratic forms of Europe call around the sovereign in his capital those who represent the wealth and power of the nation, and it is both policy and pride which employs Art to give magnificence to abodes of authority, and to cover with grace the deformities of oppressive rule. Our people, on the contrary, are widely scattered. We have, and can have, but few great cities, and none of general resort. The country, in national questions, must rule the town. Large wealth can rarely be acquired, and yet more rarely be transmitted to a third generation.—Happily for our liberties, the political power must remain with those who are not beyond the necessity of personal toil. As, therefore, the influence of the pencil and the chisel can reach immediately but few, the many are to be sought out by means which admit of greater multiplication and wider extent. Yet we may believe, that if our people could have placed before them such cheap exhibitions of Art, and were at the same time made acquainted with the estimation in which Art was held by the ancient republics, and the best minds of all ages; the glory with which it has invested nations; the patriotism it has inspired, and the lucrative advantages it has secured; they would become as distinguished for a generous taste, as they are for a love of freedom. Obscure genius, which might otherwise have died unknown in some distant forest hamlet, may be called forth and encouraged into successful vigor, as was the talent of young West by a few engravings of Grevling. Each new aspirant after the distinctions or pleasures of Art, would be a centre of new influence over the minds of others. We should learn to have a grateful pride in the praise given to American Art, abroad, and desire to wipe off the dishonoring imputation, that American Artists must go abroad to obtain a just appreciation. Thus, in time, the sentiment would become so general and so strong, that the scholar who records our country's story; the painter who illustrates its grand events; the sculptor who perpetuates in undying marble the forms of our mighty dead; the orator whose glowing arguments persuade us to the pursuit of their examples; the poet whose bold minstrelsy animates our patriotic ardor, and the architect, whose genius sheds venerable grace over our shrines of devotion, our seats of learning, and our halls of authority, (showing us, as in a constant parable, that stability ever resides in strength combined with harmony,) shall be deemed worthy to share the high regard of their fellow citizens with the warrior who sheds his blood, and the statesman who devotes his far-sighted wisdom for their country's welfare. He, who preserves and blesses his country in peace, is certainly equal to him who fights for it in war; and he, who inspires or increases a reverence for laws, to him who writes and prescribes them.

There is very great reason to believe in the future success of Art among us. Our people, when excited in any pursuit, allow no limits to their enthusiasm, and have shown themselves inferior to none in variety of genius and courage of enterprise. Hitherto their attention has been compelled to engagements of more immediate usefulness, by the necessities of our new confederacy and numerous state governments, the rush of our increasing population, the wealth hidden beneath our original forests, the facility afforded to manufactures by the rapid descent of many a broad stream, the desire of bringing distant points nearer together, and of interlacing our interests by rail-roads and canals, and the agitation of many questions in finance and political morals, which have never arisen elsewhere, but must be decided by us. Yet how great have been the honors already attained, I had well nigh said compelled, from the world? The name which, by the unanimous suffrage of mankind, stands highest on the roll of uninspired humanity, is that of Washington. He who, since the day of Newton, has given the strongest impulse to the application of physical science, made his bold experiments on the lightning of heaven from the plains near our own city, and sleeps beneath his modest tomb in a corner of Christ Church burial-ground; whither the stranger from every land, and the dweller in his own, turn their pilgrim feet to do honor to the memory of the Yankee adventurer, the apprentice printer, the poor man's honest counsellor, the Philadelphia editor, the American statesman, the baffler of European diplomacy, and the philosopher who taught the world. The authority of Marshall and Kent receives reverence from every great and just tribunal. Improvements in jurisprudence made among us, and especially within our own state, have been the basis (unacknowledged but not the less real) of extensive judicial reforms in that very country which claims to have taught us all we know. The name of Irving is already coupled with that of Addison; and in a single day, as it were, Prescott has risen to take his place with Gibbon and Hume, while, for truth of narrative and benevolence of feeling, he is above them both. The genius of Bowditch burns brightly near the compass and the quadrant of almost every bark that tempts the trackless ocean. The mighty energies of steam, first successfully applied to navigation by our own Fulton, now speeds the flying car over the rail-ways of Europe, controlled and directed by the superior ingenuity of American skill. The exquisite invention of

Daguerre, recent as it is, shall soon be returned to him from this western world, stripped of half its mechanical arrangements, and capable of a more ready and useful adaptation. These instances, snatched at random from a multitude, prove that there is among our people a boldness and originality of invention, which cannot fail to secure great success in the liberal arts, when more favorable circumstances demand their more zealous cultivation. Even now the catalogue of American Artists must be regarded with great respect when we read upon it such names as those of President West, Copely, Stuart, Allston, Newton, Harding, Cole, Greenough, Inman, and others, of whose talents my inferior knowledge will not permit me to pronounce an opinion, or whose modest worth I must not cause to blush, even by just praise, when I see them present.

Such injudicious encomium has an especially mischievous effect upon the young Artist. He is peculiarly sensitive of public opinion. I will not say that he belongs to

"A simple race, who waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;"

but he feels that it is not enough to cry with the Pisan before his own works, "Bene! Bene!" without an echo to his exclamation. It is the hope of praise which cheers him in his lone and enthusiastic toil; and, if praise be withheld, his genius droops the wing and dies. It is most unkind to feed this generous appetite into morbid extravagance, as unkind as it was in that populace who smothered their patriot with the robes they heaped upon him for his honor. Chiselling a head, without a model, from a rough stone, does not make a Phidias or Thorwaldsen; painting one fair face, a Titian or a Guido; or copying a landscape, a Salvator or Poussin. Long study and learning, the abandonment of many a habit, and patient failure, were necessary to raise even the best masters to deserved eminence. Raffaelle learned from Massaccio. The Artist, even when he finds the flattering unction most sweet, knows that there should be some extraordinary merit to deserve it. He becomes impatient of a slow and sure progress, and is sadly tempted to substitute eccentricity for boldness; glare for brilliancy; or dark confusion for depth of shadow. He varies his pursuit, and, forgetting the maxim, "Non omnes omnia," undertakes to excel where his genius does not lead. All this, the more prudent and experienced among you know well, but a word of caution may not be lost. Let us all remember, that the truest friendship is that which points out faults with kindness, and praises with faithful caution. We learn best from those who tell us when we are wrong. The most ignorant can thus teach something, as the cobbler who criticised the shoe of Apelles, or an indignant laundress, who protested that she never washed the shirt with which Jarvis had indued her master.

There is a fault in our country, now less rarely met with, of condemning without measure or exception, every thing American. It is chiefly to be found among those who return

"from foreign tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;"

too good to be plain republicans, after having uncovered their heads to royalty, or stood within the threshold of an aristocratic ball-room; who can talk of nothing but dinners at Very's; ices at the Cafe de Paris, or green oysters at the Rocher de Cancale; who have either not wit mind enough, or not heart enough, to love their own land above all others. These men will pass through your exhibitions, "naso adunco," full of scraps from foreign languages, and abusing, by misuse, the terms of Art, give you to understand that, in their opinion, nothing which you can produce, is worth looking at by one who has seen the Buckingham Gallery, the Louvre, the Vatican, or the Bourbon Collections. They will often parade upon their walls miserable dark daubs, imposed upon them by scheming picture dealers, as works of the old masters, but cannot think, for a moment, of buying an American picture. Heed them not. The true lover of art sees some beauty even in an inferior picture, and can detect a latent power in the new and nameless pencil. He must prefer the best; but, as a critic and a patriot, he will acknowledge the good if a countryman has produced it; and, for Art's sake, he is sure to encourage merit, however slight it may seem at first to be. There is, for instance, a sign of a horse in Market street, which I often see in my walks; faulty it may be, in many particulars, and injured by exposure to all weathers, and yet, I venture to assert, that one who can look at it without some degree of pleasure, would scarcely enjoy Paul Potter's bull.

Notwithstanding these opposite errors, we may rely with confidence upon our strong sense of national reputation for the support of art. Let it be shown by your skill and devotion, that the Arts do embellish and exalt our country, and they shall receive a grateful return of reward and honor.

It is well for those, who have sufficient wealth, to bring among us good works of foreign or ancient masters, especially if they allow free access to them for students and copyists. The true gems are, however, rare, and very costly. A single masterpiece would swallow up the whole sum, which even the richest in this country would be willing to devote in the purchase of paintings. I hope, however, soon to see the day, when there shall be *a fondness for making collections of works by American Artists, or those resident among us.* Such collections, judiciously made, would supply the best history of the rise and progress of the Arts in the United States. They would, more than any other means, stimulate Artists to a generous emulation. They would reflect high honor upon their possessors, as men who love Art for its own sake, and are willing to serve and encourage it. They would be gratifying in a high degree to the foreigner of taste, who comes curious to observe the working of our institutions and our habits of life. He does not cross the sea to find Van Dycks and Murillos. He can enjoy them at home; but he wishes to discover what the children of the West can do in following or excelling European example. The expense of such a collection could not be very great. A few thousands of dollars, less than is often lavished upon the French plate glass and lustres, damask hangings, and Turkey carpets, of a pair of parlors, (more than which few of our houses can boast) would cover their walls with good specimens of American Art, and do far more credit to the taste and heart of the owner. Rich furniture, to say nothing of the bad taste of crowding it into such pretty apartments, is little better than a selfish and rude ostentation of wealth, to excite the envy of guests; and it is not in human nature to think better of others, who insist upon showing that they are richer than we. Riches, though they gain, for obvious reasons, outward deference, when they are mere riches without taste or refinement, are always secretly despised, and their possessors are, in the judgment of the world, like vile pottery upon which gold has been wasted in useless gilding. There are those, who cannot look upon a mirror without seeing within it a beautiful picture, dearer to their eyes than any other upon earth; but many of us would prefer a landscape by Coles or Doughty, to any such personal reflections of ourselves; and care little whether we tread upon Brussels or ingrain, sit upon velvet or hair cloth, if we might, by the kind bounty of our entertainer, enjoy the genius of our dear native land. It has become, I am told, unfashionable to put pictures upon the walls, except it be in a gallery, which few can afford to have. If so, it is a bad habit, which should be amended; a habit which must lower us in the scale of true refinement, and greatly impede the progress of true taste.

Conclusion next week.

"SUGGESTIONS TO PARENTS AND OTHERS."—The twelfth and thirteenth Numbers of Dr. A. H. McNair's domestic medical Suggestions to parents and others, contains an account of the cause and treatment of several species of nervous affections among which we perceive Epilepsy or falling fits, Tic Douloureux, Gout, Rheumatism, &c.

The character and utility of the work may be ascertained from a recommendation of it by physicians in another column of to-day's paper.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1840.

To-day's Paper.

We flatter ourselves that we present our readers to-day with a choice sheet. The original tale is from a practised pen, and will be read with interest. The beautiful address of Dr. Bethune, commenced in our paper of to-day is one of that gentleman's happiest efforts. On our fourth page, is the whole of Master Humphrey's Clock as far as published, to give place to which we have crowded out our usual advertising matter. The news matter, has been carefully collected and collated, and we may safely say, that in this department we give a greater variety, than any weekly paper published. In fine, we feel somewhat proud of this sheet.

The Bones of Napoleon.

The enthusiasm with which the French people have received the proposal on the part of their government to remove the bones of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, is an evidence of the truth of one of his own sayings—that in 20 years from the day of his death, his name would be as popular as ever, and the man who then wronged him would be among the first t assert his glory.

The sight of a great nation, coming up as with one mind, to bring back from a foreign soil, the bones of their greatest hero, may well arrest the attention of the civilized world; but when to this is added the memory of that hero's meteor existence, and the perfidy which drove him an exile from the shores, where he had reigned a king, the mind is almost awed by the magnitude of the spectacle.

The world has never looked upon a career surpassing that of Napoleon. All that ancient or modern history relates, is nothing to his splendid existence.—Coming into manhood upon the eve of the downfall of an ancient dynasty, burning with an ambition as indomitable as it was gigantic; and endowed with an intellect that seemed to be almost superhuman, seeing at a glance through every difficulty, he plunged, at once, and fearlessly, into the wild vortex of a sinking state, and when every one fled affrighted from the helm, seized it himself, inspired all with instant energy, and, rescuing the Commonwealth from anarchy and ruin, bore her in triumph safely into port. Europe itself owned the power of his genius, and sought that alliance with the First Consul, which she had refused to the republican directory. England alone stood aloof. But even she at last recognised his sceptre, and the Corsican adventurer, moved among the kings of Europe, the greatest of them all.

But it was well remarked by Napoleon that the jealousies of the legitimate sovereigns would not suffer him to maintain peace for any length of time lest their own subjects should be infected with the republicanism of the French people; and that, even if the kings of Europe had desired it, the necessity that lay upon him of dazzling his subjects by new victories, and a constantly increasing glory, forbade him resting in repose. It was this, and not an unholy and insane ambition—as some have made it—which precipitated him, with his legions, year after year, upon Europe; carrying fire and sword wherever he went, crushing the oldest monarchies with one blow of his mailed arm, striking terror into the hearts of cabinets and kings, carrying his name as on the wing of the lightening to the uttermost parts of the earth, and making empires quake beneath his tread as if the rider of the Pale Horse in the Apocalypse was careering over the earth. Five times did a continent coalesce to put him down; and five times did he shatter their alliances like a potter's vase. Italy—Austria—Prussia went down, like lead, before his blow; and the fields of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, told the knell of their hopes. Russia herself quailed before his desolating march, and gladly embraced his offer of alliance. The peace of Tilsit delivered over a world to the conqueror of the north and the south. There Europe was parcelled out between these gigantic monarchs, and they vowed to make common cause against mankind. But the possession of Constantinople proved the apple of discord which finally severed this unholy alliance.

The death-like repose in Europe which followed the peace of Tilsit, was the period at which the power of Napoleon had reached its acme. His words gave law to Europe. Kings crowded his ante-chamber, queens bore the train of his empress, princes played the equerry in his palace, dynasties went and came at his bidding like the pageant of phantasmagoria, and even

"Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne."

"But," in the words of Lord Brougham, "his vaulting ambition at last overleaped itself. The ember of discord existing between him and Alexander, from his refusal to suffer the Russian Emperor to seize on Constantinople, was ultimately inflamed into an open rupture, which the gold of Britain skilfully fanned until it burst into deadly animosity. A last coalition was formed against the French Emperor, and to arrest it at a blow he determined on penetrating to the heart of the Autocrat's dominions, and dictating peace from Moscow itself. He succeeded in the first; but fire and tempest forbade the last. In the dead of winter he began his retreat towards Poland. History affords no parallel to that terrible rout. Weak, worn out, dispirited, lost in a strange land, surrounded by interminable snows, with the pitiless storm beating in their faces, and the fierce Cossacks hanging on their rear, that late gallant army, whose legions were as countless as they were invincible, fell day by day to pieces, perishing by sword, tempest, or famine, until its hundreds of thousands had left their bones bleaching on the icy soil of Russia. When at last the passage of the Berezino closed the tragedy, scarcely a twentieth part of that million of men was left.

The rest of his career is written in blood and treachery on the one hand, and the most stupendous efforts to recover his ascendancy on the other. But though his intellect only shone brighter amid the gloom of that era of disasters, his weapon was fallen from his hands, for his army was gone. The veterans of Austerlitz and Jena, slept the sleep of death amid the snows of Russia, and his raw conscripts, though brave as were their fathers, had not the same consciousness of invincibility. Defeat met them at every turn, treachery stepped in to aid in their overthrow, and the rout at Leipsic, at length hurled them back, a crowd of fugitives, upon the soil of France. Then was exhibited the full genius of this mighty military conqueror. Surrounded on every hand, hemmed in like a wounded lion, with an army not a tithe of that of his pursuers, he yet kept them at bay for a whole month, turning in every direction to oppose them with a rapidity of thought, fighting often two battles on the same day, and only at last yielding, when treason, for the fourth time struck the truncheon from his hands, and his own household deserted him in his sore distress. Could he, at that period, have recalled to life his old veterans of Boulogne, he would even from the lowest ebb of fortune, have re-instated himself, and been again "the thunderer of the scene." But fate willed it otherwise, and perhaps it was better for the human race it should be so. He fell, and

"Since he miscalled the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far."

His return from Elba was the last, but brightest act in this brilliant drama. A whole nation, which, a twelvemonth since, had cast him off, received him with open arms, and an enthusiasm bordering upon madness. But that short though glorious career is matter of every day history. After twice gaining the battle of Waterloo, the arrival of Blucher, and the more than suspected treason of Grouchy, struck him a second time to the ground. Even then he might have saved himself, if the legislative body had rallied as the people wished to, around him. But they would not—and Napoleon became the exile of St. Helena.

In all his victories however, and amid his career of universal desolation, he was ever the friend of France. His chief ambition was to link his name individually with that of France, and make his country's glory and his own the same. His civil code, his public works, his military organization of her armies have all remained, amid her changing dynasties, to test how nobly he labored for his country. Even the most tyrannical of his acts, the conscription, originated with his predecessors, and was carried on by him, through stern necessity. His very form of government remains to this day in France, and Louis Phillippe sits on a throne, built for him by Napoleon. Every thing bears the impress of his genius. Has he not made his name and her's one?

France owes it to herself therefore to restore his bones to that soil which he loved so ardently, and we do not wonder at the enthusiasm which pervades her people with respect to it. What will be the feelings of Bernard, Las Cases, and the other companions of his exile, when they behold the tri-color waving proudly over the coffin that contains the remains of him, who bore it in triumph, from the Nile to Moscow, and gave it a celebrity that shall never die!

Betting on Elections.

The papers from the interior, teem with accounts of bets which have been made, and are offered on the approaching elections. It is an evil, the growth of which every man, who sincerely loves his country, no matter what are his political principles, must deprecate. Every good citizen is bound to sustain the laws, and to discountenance every attempt at their violation. The morals of the community, and the welfare of the country, demand it at his hand. We believe that the system of betting on elections, is fraught with injury to the public morals, and is inimical to the principles of republicanism, and good government. The purity and freedom of the elective franchise is impaired thereby, and if corruption is suffered to stalk awhile unabashed over the prostrate rights of freemen, not all the art of the virtuous and good combined, shall be able to redeem our country, and to bring back to their pristine vigor and youth, the energies in favor of liberty, of this great and growing nation. The evil must be nipped in the bud, the hydra must be crushed in its youth. The poison once fairly inserted in the veins, the blood of the nation once fevered to madness, not all the arts of the state physician, will be able to bring the pulse of the populace back to a healthy and regular tone. The corruption by bribery, the offspring of this political gambling, has been the downfall of most free states.—Had the statesmen of Rome, in the palmy days of her glory, employed their wisdom in checking the first budding of corruption in the popular vote; had the evidence of bribery been promptly followed up, by the conviction and punishment of offenders, ere like a gangrene depravity of morals had entered into the vitals of the nation, she might long have continued to give laws to the world. So long as the ballot-boxes of our country are above the reach of gold, we have nothing to fear, but when cheating and roguery, bribery and corruption, become the only hope of parties, our liberties will be trembling on the verge of departure.

Very few persons are aware of the extent to which this pernicious system is carried in this country. The interests of each section, being in the hands of a set of political leaders, whose voices give law to the party, they are mostly enabled to estimate the extent of success to be calculated upon, in the district which they represent in the great combination of political gamblers. In the inland counties, where a few leading families of different townships give law to the whole, and are often so deeply involved in pecuniary speculation on the success of the party, as they are in intrigue for place and power, a few thousand dollars squandered as the seed of crime, enable them to reap a prolific harvest of wealth and power. With such men, every political measure, is governed by the most sordid interest. The welfare of their country is regarded no further than as it advances their own. Workmen under their control, are obliged to succumb to dictation, and to yield to arrogance the dearest rights of freemen; or in the assertion of their independence to feel the miseries of idleness, and to subject their families to the hazard of experiencing all the horrors of want. How much worse are these things when such proscriptive measures become the adopted policy of parties, the leaders of which, if in power, possess the means of afflicting whole communities of men.

Do the public improvements of the day open a field for the display of the powers of the enterprising artist—the interests of the party demand that his political qualifications should first be ascertained. Much the more so, if those who have the selection of workmen are deeply involved in the bets of the day.

As for ourselves, we believe betting to be as much a sign of political weakness as of strength, and in nine cases out of ten the last argument to silence the sturdy facts of a political opponent is to offer to bet what perhaps neither ever saw—one or five thousand dollars. It is an extremely small way, though sometimes a hasty one, of settling the question. We believe however, that its practice injures any party among thinking men. We have great faith in the strength, virtue, and intelligence of the *people* of this country—those who are wedded to the cause of liberty and republicanism, because they understand its real worth—but we treat with scorn your mere grog shop politician, whose patriotism is inflamed from his glass, and whose arguments are oaths and bets.

We think it the duty of every good citizen, without reference to parties, to frown down a system so pregnant of corruption. If our political privileges are to be preserved to us unimpaired—if we wish for the free, full, and honest exercise of the elective franchise—if we wish our laws to be framed and administered by men incapable of stooping from the dignity of freemen, to the petty, low, and contemptible tricks for the passage and application of a favorite measure—if we wish that our public improvements shall be conducted upon a principle of purity, and of enlarged, generous, and unrestricted patronage of worthy citizens—if, finally, we wish to perpetuate our liberties, and to transmit the blessing to our children—we shall by every means in our power, discountenance and condemn as scandalous, iniquitous, and *unworthy of a free people*, the system of betting on the result of elections.

Stool Pigeons.

STOP THAT THIEF!—Some of our citizens are under the impression that the abominable "stool pigeon" system, which has just exploded in New York, is in full operation in our own city. We have very strong suspicions that they are not far off the truth. On Tuesday morning last, as two of our personal acquaintances were standing in earnest conversation at the corner of St. James and Seventh street, one of them noticed a large, tall, well dressed man, who seemed to walk up and down and about, as though watching for somebody, or reluctant to leave the premises. He pointed him out to his companion, and inquired if he knew him. "Know him! to be sure I do," he replied. "Take my word for it, there will be a *store robbed* in this vicinity before to-morrow morning." "Indeed why so?" was the rejoinder. "Yonder man," said he, "is one of the most notorious thieves and burglars in this country. He is well known to the police, but for reasons best known to themselves, they rarely trouble him, unless it be to entrap some less fortunate culprit into the meshes of the law. He is a thief from birth, and was sentenced to be hung when a boy, for assisting to stop and rob the U. S. Mail, but was pardoned through executive clemency in consideration of his youth. "Take my word for it," he repeated, "there will be a robbery in this vicinity before morning."

The friends parted. Next morning, sure enough, the whole neighborhood rang with the announcement that a hardware store in Market between Sixth and Seventh streets had been burglariously entered the night before, from an empty house back on St. James' street, and robbed of choice cutlery to the extent of $400. The rascals seemed perfectly aware that, as a contemporary expressed it, they were "perfectly at home, having taken down a lot of segars that was used by one of the firm, and smoked them with the most perfect nonchalance—the ashes being carefully deposited on the counter, as a memento of their ease and independence." This all seems very singular, and looks as if the thieves had made arrangements to occupy the premises undisturbed; but the oddest circumstance is yet to come. Hearing of the robbery, our two acquaintances went up to the Police Office on Wednesday morning to lodge information. To their surprise, when they described the notorious fellow whom they had seen lurking previously about the neighborhood, nothing but a careless reply was elicited, that he was known and could be apprehended when wanted—but that it was not proper to arrest or examine him at the present moment. The thief was evidently in favor with the police; and for some reason they did not think proper to trouble him.

The same morning, *another person* was arrested as having been concerned in the burglary alluded to, and was accommodated with a *private hearing* before his Honor, the Mayor, who very frequently obliges *big* rogue with that favor, while little ones are compelled to undergo the ordeal of a public examination.

In the city of New York it is well known that bargains were made with bold adventurous spirits by the highest members of the police, and stores were permitted to be disposed to a vast extent, one half the profits accruing therefrom going to each party—*unless* a reward were offered *more* than equivalent to the amount to be realized, when the goods were always found, *one* of the thieves arrested, and the reward divided between the "stool pigeon" and his official protector. We do not say that such things occur here—indeed we sincerely hope they do not—but when a notorious thief walks the streets in open day, elegantly dressed like a gentleman *de bon ton*—is suffered to inspect places easy of entrance—and, after such places are broken into, is still permitted to walk about unmolested, staring honest men out of countenance, and probably concocting new schemes of villainy, the public *will* conjecture, and the public *will* talk, in spite of all that can be urged against it.

Commissioner of Deeds.

Our friend Clark, of the Philadelphia Gazette, who was recently appointed by Governor Seward, of New York, Commissioner for that State, is now fully prepared for business, as will be seen by his card in our advertising columns. We wish him the success he deserves.

THE JEWS.—The Jews residing at Jerusalem, have issued a circular, recalling their brethren to Judah.

The Steamboat Collision.

We give in another column a notice of the collision at New York between the steamboats Napoleon and De Witt Clinton, in which the lives of 600 persons were put in imminent jeopardy through the jealous feelings and cupidity of an opposition line of steamboats. We subjoin the following on the subject from the New York Tattler:—

"When the Napoleon was opposite the pier of the De Witt Clinton, there was room for the latter to come out as boats usually leave the wharf, and turn her head up the river, on her course. But instead of leaving the pier under easy steam, as is customary, the Clinton bolted from the wharf under a full head, and with such angry haste as to break part of her fasts, instead of waiting to cast them off. She stood directly for the Napoleon. So suddenly and audaciously was the murderous intent evinced, that the pilot of the Napoleon had no time to stop the boat's way, and took the only safe and prudent course—heading for the Jersey side.

"The Captain of the Napoleon made earnest gestures to the De Witt to stop the way of the boat, to no purpose. On came the boat—a large craft of five or six hundred tons, striking the little Napoleon, a boat of less than two hundred, just abaft the wheel house. This point of the blow was caused by the change made in the course of the Napoleon, in the hope to avoid the collision. Had the De Witt struck the other amidships, the Napoleon must have inevitably gone down, with her living freight of three hundred souls!

"As it was, the Napoleon reeled under the blow, till water was taken in on deck. The shrieks of the passengers on board the smaller boat were plainly heard on the deck. Rumors of an *intended assault* of some kind had been given out during the day, and a large crowd in consequence collected—but nothing so devilish in atrocity as this was apprehended. Stout hearts quaked as the boats struck—manly cheeks were blanched with fear and horror; and to add to the terror of the affray, pistol shots were heard and seen. *The wheels of the De Witt were still going* when the boats struck—but God's mercy saved the apparently doomed passengers from their imminent danger.

"The boats separated—the Napoleon righted, her smoke pipe quivering like a ship's masts struck by a squall. The joy of the assembled crowd at the escape, went up in deafening cheers—the band on board the pirate boat impudently struck up Yankee Doodle, and the two boats proceeded on their way. It is wonderful indeed that the Napoleon received no disabling injury. Such a scene of excitement has seldom been witnessed in the times of peace. A naval engagement could not have caused more—and we trust that unless the scoundrels who were the cause of it are dismissed, it will result in the ruin of the Monopoly Line. If the public is just to itself, such must be the end of this affair.

"There is some contradiction relative to the firing. Rumor said yesterday that the pilot of the De Witt was killed, or dangerously wounded—a statement which we are not put to the delirious and superlative grief—if you like—of confirming. Some accounts state that a rotary pistol was fired three times by the Captain of the Napoleon, at the pilot of the De Witt, and that this circumstance, compelling him to stoop, and thus preventing his steering his boat as directly on the other as he intended, aided to save the Napoleon. Others say that the pistol was fired after the concussion.

The two captains published in Albany their statements of the affair. That of the Captain of the De Witt Clinton is signed by only fourteen persons, and does not exonerate him from blame: that of the captain of the Napoleon is signed by seventy-six individuals, Lieut. Chapman, U. S. Army, in the Chair; and in the boldest and most unequivocal manner casts the whole blame on the other boat; pronounces the act an "outrage," and a "premeditated villainous design," and concludes with the following resolution:

Resolved, That we return our thanks to Almighty God for delivering us through the agency of Capt. J. W. Hancox, who by his good management and resort to fire arms, caused the wheels of the De Witt Clinton to stop and save us from a watery grave.

Junior Members of the Bar.

ROBERT E. SCOTT, ESQ.

Has been a member of the Philadelphia Bar for about five years, during the last three of which, his engagements at the seat of the General Government, as a confidential officer in one of the Departments, have withdrawn him from the practice of his profession.

Mr. Scott studied law in this city with Samuel Chew, Esq., and after a faithful probation of four or five years, devoted not merely to the theory of the law, but to its practical details, with which he had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted in Mr. Chew's office, was duly admitted to our Courts. After practising for some time here, an advantageous and to so young a man, lucrative appointment in the Post Office Department at Washington, induced him, temporarily, to give up the pursuit of his profession, although as the writer of this knows, he never gave up thoughts of returning to it when a favorable opportunity might offer. It is perhaps as high a tribute as could be offered to Mr. Scott's business talents, to say that so great a value was placed on his services in the Post Office Department, (services rendered in matters both important and confidential) that it was with considerable reluctance, Mr. Kendall was induced some weeks ago to accept Mr. Scott's resignation.

Mr. Scott having been invited by his friend, C. W. Brooke, Esq. of this city, to assist him in prosecuting for the Commonwealth here, has resumed the practice of the law among us, to the great gratification of his friends, who are so numerous as to render the success of his own talents and integrity, seconded by their aid, almost certain.

Besides great familiarity with the practical details of his profession, Mr. Scott possesses a clear understanding, imbued with information and knowledge derived from the provinces of literature, politics and business. It is rare to find so young a person, so minutely and correctly informed on the history, power and resources of this country in its various sections. His three years residence in Washington, where he was an attentive observer of men and things, has given him a clear insight into the practical operations of the General Government, in all its several departments, as well as an acquaintance with the men who guide the helm of State. This makes his conversation abound with a species of information very uncommon in young men, and which books never could impart. But what renders his society most agreeable and endears him to his friends, is the charm of a disposition overflowing with kindness, good nature and generosity.

In a public point of view, also, we hail Mr. Scott's return to the Bar, because he will add one to the very few young lawyers amongst us, whose aim is to despatch business promptly and efficiently, rather than to bore judges and juries with tedious speeches far away from the real point at issue. In his person, Mr. Scott is tall and athletic, though rather slight; his complexion is fair and the expression of his countenance indicative of his disposition. His hair is sandy, a color said to be most common among men of talent. In his manners, Mr. Scott is sincere, polite and easy. But I had almost forgotten, Messrs. Editors, the injunction issued by you against all your correspondents, viz: *esto brevo*. Your friend, SPECTATOR.

A PICTURE.—We have before us a lithographic likeness of the Battle of New Orleans, from "an unfinished painting of 14 by 22 feet by John Landis." Honestly speaking, it is a most execrable thing. It is out of perspective, out of drawing, and if out of view would benefit the artist some little in the public opinion. He has, in violation of the facts of that event, and in utter despite of good taste, placed Gen. Packenham and his horse immediately beside the cotton bales—turning up his eyes like a duck in a thunder storm, or a musquito in the last stage of the cholera—while two officers, catching him as he falls, appear to be suppressing with difficulty a laugh, as though the whole scene were a most amusing combination of jocose circumstances. Packenham's horse, although shot down, (for the artist has considerately placed a large hole in his left-hind quarter to mark the locality of the ball) appears to be nibbling the grass as though determined not to die with an empty stomach, one of his fore legs drawn up into the shape of a triangle, and the other three in positions which no horse in nature could ever get them in, unless he had had them obligingly broken and dislocated with that particular view.

The bulwark of cotton is represented just about as high as a man's head, one end in fact being a single bale on its side, that any ordinary terrier might leap over without difficulty. Gen. Jackson is seated on a horse of most peculiar construction, with a face wondrously like an owl, a body like an elephant, and legs fitted in after quite an original fashion. Gen. Adair is delineated as considerably "pot-stomached," (to be polite) and Gen. Livingston is riding about on a beast whose posterior parts cannot be less (taking perspective into consideration) than 7 or 8 feet in width. In fine, the whole picture is a bundle of incongruities, impossibilities, and nonsensicalities. As to the artist, we may say in few words as Deacon Weld once said of poor Marsh, it were downright flattery to call the man an ass.

City News.

CHINESE MUSEUM.—Nathan Dunn, Esq., the proprietor of the Chinese Museum, is certainly one of the most enterprising, as well as one of the most tasty, liberal and wealthy gentlemen of the age. Independent of the money expended, and the taste displayed by him, in providing the curiosities, which under the title of Museum form the most valuable and comprehensive Chinese collection in the world—and of which, even to Louis Philippe, of France, who instructed his Minister to inquire if it could be purchased at any price whatever, he has steadily and uniformly refused to dispose—we think his recent erection of the fountain in the centre of the great Saloon, entitles him to no small degree of praise. It is no trifling affair, gotten up for a mere temporary purpose, with an over-weening eye to economy and his pecuniary interests; on the contrary, it is a magnificent embellishment, provided without regard to cost, wanting in nothing to complete it in every part, and one from which he can never expect to realise much, except public applause and self-gratification. It must have cost upwards of $3000; for he even sent to Europe for the artist and the materials, and kept him, two white men, and one colored man, constantly employed in its creation for a considerable time—all of which could not be accomplished for much less than the sum we have guessed at.

PRECOCITY.—Three small boys, from five to eight years of age, were found about eleven o'clock on Sunday night in one of the cellar windows of the house of Dr. William Rush, No. 98 south Fourth street, under very suspicious circumstances, and handed over to the watch. Their names were John Boyle, James and Bertram Dotherd. Monday morning they were brought before the Recorder, when the mother of the two latter appeared and identified them. She stated that both of them had run away from her, and that the eldest had been absent for three weeks. She likewise identified the former (Boyle) as the son of one of her next door neighbors, and stated also that he had run away from his parents. From the evidence there seemed to be but little doubt that the trio were in the employ of some receiver of stolen goods. His Honor detained them, intimating to the mother, who had come forward, that he should either require bail for their good behavior, or send them to the House of Refuge.

BURGLARY.—The house of Richard M. Taylor, No. 239 Vine street, was entered between 3 and 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, and robbed of all his silver plate, two dozen knives and forks, and a blue frock coat. None of the articles have been yet recovered

A colored man, named Williams, was arrested on Sunday by police officer Saunders of Spring Garden, and Constable John Johnson of Upper Delaware ward, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, and taken before Alderman Brazer, who committed him for a further hearing. Monday morning he was brought up and fully committed in default of $500 bail, to answer at the next Court of General Sessions. Another colored man, named Joseph Gould, was arrested yesterday by officer Saunders likewise on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, and was committed by Alderman Brazer, for a further hearing.

CHARGED WITH PICKPOCKETING.—A man named James Scott, a native of Ireland, was brought before the Recorder on Monday morning, charged with having picked the coat pocket of Samuel Axon, tavern keeper, No. 5 Cherry street, of a pocket book containing $200 in money. He was a transient boarder in the house of Axon, and the offence was alleged to have been committed on Saturday evening last, in Axon's cellar, while he (Axon) was in the act of drawing a can of ale. The evidence against the defendant was of a very contradictory and doubtful character, yet sufficiently strong to warrant his being held to bail for a further hearing this morning, at 9 o'clock, to which time the case was postponed. Subpœnas to secure the attendance of other witnesses than those examined, both for the prosecution and the defence, were issued. The amount of bail demanded in the case was $200, in default of which the defendant was sent to prison.

SPRINKLE THE STREETS.—We came very near suffocation on Saturday afternoon, through the outrageous indolence and ignorance of the insolent fellows whom our councils employ just now to clean the streets.—They were too lazy to *sprinkle* before they sweep the dirt, and at the corner of Fifth and Market, on Saturday afternoon, they raised such a dust, that we shouldn't wonder if they had to *dig* the passengers out afterwards. We hear complaints in every quarter in relation to the impertinence and independence of these street cleaners. They will not carry away the filth from private dwellings sometimes without a *douceur*, in the shape of 25 cents—although regularly paid to do it by the city authorities—and in sweeping not only raise an unnecessary degree of dust, but dash it into your face or over your clothes if you approach them, out of sheer mischief, or malevolence. We hope they will be looked to.

LOOK OUT FOR THE COUNTERFEITER.—Early on Friday morning, a man entered the Fur store of G. A. Lemans, No. 60 North Fourth street, and purchased from a lad who was in attendance, a small Buffalo robe, the price of which was $3 50. He tendered in payment a $5 note of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and immediately left the store with his purchase, stating that he was in a great hurry and would call for his change. The lad suspecting that all was not right took the note into a neighboring store, where it was discovered to be a counterfeit. The counterfeiter was then pursued, but he succeeded in getting off. He is described as a German—low in stature—rather thick set,—with full round face,—dark hair, and a huge ugly nose. He had with him, in a black leather pocket book, a large quantity of notes of different denominations.

TRIAL OF COMMODORE ELLIOT.—This case, which has occupied the attention of the Court Martial sitting at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for the last five weeks, sitting from five to six hours daily, Monday, at one o'clock, concluded the arduous duty of eliciting and recording the evidence, and allowed the counsel of the accused, the Hon. George M. Dallas, time until Saturday next, at 11 o'clock, to prepare his defence; at which hour that gentleman promised to be ready to commence its reading to the Court. From the mass of testimony collected it must necessarily be very long; yet from the assiduous attention which he has lent the case, from its commencement up to the moment of its termination, in connection with his admitted talents, we have no hesitation in predicting one of the most eloquent and forensick displays that was ever listened to before a Court Martial.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held on Friday morning on the body of a boy, named Daniel McKeen, who was found drowned in a pond in South street, near Broad. Verdict, "accidentally drowned."

ANOTHER.—The Coroner held an inquest on Friday on the body of young Haviland, who came to his death as detailed in our paper of last week. A post mortem examination was made by the Coroner, assisted by Drs. Harland and Mitchell. The ball entered between the seventh and eighth ribs, perforated the diaphragm on the left side, penetrated the left lobe of the liver, and passing through the right lobe of the liver, was found lying in the thorax on the right side. Verdict, "Accidental Death."

BURGLARY.—A new three story brick dwelling in Green street above Front, owned by Henry Dellinger and at present unoccupied, was entered on Friday morning by a party of burglars. All the keys about the premises were taken out of the locks of the doors and carried off. The burglars likewise cut away and carried off a piece of lead pipe that conveyed the water from the hydrant in the yard to a bath tub in the second story of the house. Before leaving they deposited a quantity of filth upon the floor.

SWARTWOUTED.—Thomas King is advertised as absquatulated with $41 48 which, being a drayman, he collected on Saturday last in a bill of freight, on a load he had delivered. He must think himself rich. He is thought to be lurking in the neighborhood of Fourth and Plumb streets, Southwark. The [illegible] officers Byrne and McGinnis, of that District, were busily engaged in trying to ferret him out. The name of his employer was Fetters.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY AT SEA.—George Harris mate of the brig Finance of this port, for an aggravated assault and battery upon one of the crew of the vessel, named Edward Daniels, was on Friday held to bail by Alderman Redman in $200, to answer at the U. S. Circuit Court. The vessel was in the Gulf Stream when the offence was committed.

ANOTHER GONE.—The Inquirer of Monday, speaking of the late Cashier of the Philadelphia Loan Company, says:—We learn that the bail of T. M. Moore being unable to justify was refused. An officer was then sent to take Mr. Moore into custody, but he was unable to find him. It was rumored last night that he had been seen on the road to New York.

THE GRAND JURY.—The Grand Jury for the present term of the Court of General Sessions adjourned on Thursday, after having found 480 bills.

SUING A BLIND MAN.—A criminal suit was brought before Alderman [illegible], of Southwark, a day or two since, in which Elijah Sparks, a dealer in hams, &c., in Second Street Market, below Lombard, was plaintiff, and a blind man with only one eye! named J. D. Depter, the proprietor of a panoramic view, exhibiting at the time at the corner of 2d and South streets, called the "Burning of the Lexington," was defendant. The charge was assault and battery. From the evidence it appeared that the defendant's panoramic view was exhibited in a four-wheeled vehicle—that the plaintiff attempted to enter it without tendering the price of admission, was pushed back by the defendant, when he immediately had the defendant arrested upon the charge specified above. He then agreed to compromise the matter for $10, which being refused by the defendant, he finally fell to $2.—The Alderman thinking the charge quite groundless, and believing the plaintiff to be most to blame of the two, and seeing that it was a speculating business altogether on his part, very properly dismissed the case.

THIEVES ARRESTED.—Alderman Campbell, Constable Dentry, and Police Officers Whitner and Ashman, of Moyamensing, arrested on Friday evening two colored men, named Lewis Jones and Samuel Scott, upon a charge of being concerned, in conjunction with another colored man named Isaac Murray, who is still at large, in robbing the store of Henry Ball, wholesale dealer in china, queensware and glass, No. 111 north Front street, of a considerable amount of goods, while they were all three employed about the store in packing and unpacking crates. The charge was clearly made out, and both of them fully committed by Alderman Campbell on Saturday to answer at the Court of General Sessions. A portion of the goods missing were found at the lodgings of the prisoners, part at Murray's house, and some at the second-hand stores in South and Shippen streets. The information that led to the arrest of Jones and Scott was obtained from Murray's wife. A large barrel of sugar, which had no doubt been stolen, was found at Murray's house.

A LIGHT FINGERED GENTLEMAN.—A well dressed man, who gave several names, among the rest that of Frederick A. Faustenburg, and who hailed from New Orleans, was brought before the Mayor on Tuesday morning, charged with stealing from the store of William Patten, Optician, corner of Sixth and Arch streets, a pair of gold spectacles of the value of $6, and an opera glass of the value of $4 50. He was likewise charged with stealing from the store of Baily & Kitchen, Jewellers and Silversmiths, No. 136 Chesnut street, a diamond pin of the value of $45. It appeared from the evidence that he was one of the light fingered gentry, who are in the habit of going into jewellery and fancy stores, with the recommendation of a fair exterior, and under pretence of pricing articles, manage to conceal them in some way about their persons. After a hearing he was fully committed in default of $500 bail, to answer at the Court of General Sessions. He was arrested by High Constable Young, and the articles mentioned above were found upon his person.

PICKPOCKET.—James Scott, committed upon a charge of picking the pocket of Samuel Axon, tavern keeper, No. 5 Cherry street, was brought before the Recorder Tuesday morning for another hearing. Besides Axon himself, two witnesses, whose names were David Freer and Joshua Cookson, were examined.—The former testified to his having on Monday seen $17 in notes—which were produced, claimed, and sworn to by Axon—taken by Mrs. Axon from the tail of Scott's wife's frock, into which they had been sewn up. The latter identified and swore to a $10 note on the United States Bank which was among them, as one he had paid Axon about 11 o'clock on Saturday. Axon testified also that the pocket book containing the money lost, as well as a number of papers of value that were in it, were found in the privy of his house, torn to pieces. His Honor believing the evidence altogether of a nature sufficiently satisfactory to warrant a binding over to Court, directed Scott to give $500 bail to answer at the Court of General Sessions, in default of which he was fully committed.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held on Tuesday morning at the Pennsylvania Hospital upon the body of a German named John George Esher, who had died some time during the night previous from having been severely kicked in the region of the abdomen. The verdict of the jury was "that the deceased came to his death from kicks and bruises inflicted by a man named Joseph Stark, while thrusting him out of his house on the night of the 14th inst." Stark is proprietor of the Jefferson House, in Dock street, nearly opposite the Bazaar. A warrant was immediately issued for his arrest by the Recorder, and yesterday afternoon he was apprehended by officer Metzer, and taken to the "lock up house" under the Mayor's office. He will be brought up for an examination this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Another.—The coroner in the afternoon of Tuesday held an inquest in Seventh street near Shippen, on the body of a colored child 1 year old, named Hannah Edwards, who died from general exhaustion. Verdict accordingly.

GAMBLERS.—Three men named Samuel Lafferty, Thomas Adams, and William Anderson, and four boys named Isaac Buchanan, Irvine Buckhurst, Jacob Lesoute and James McCracken, were brought before Alderman Campbell of Moyamensing, on Monday evening, charged with gambling. They had been arrested on Sunday near the Arsenal in Passyunk township, where they were found pitching quoits, coppers, et cetera. The men were fined $4 and costs, each, and the boys bound over in $50 each, for their good behavior. A sister of one of the boys was likewise bound over in $50, for obstructing the officers who made the arrest in their duty. The information that led to the arrest was obtained from the Judges of the Court of General Sessions.

A SINGULAR SIGN.—A tailor on Chesnut street, at his clothing store, has a sign in his window of quite an original and attractive character. It is simply the word—C L O T H I N G—in letters of brass, but so prepared that the gas penetrates the letters, and escaping from a multitude of little holes, give to them at night, when lighted up, all the appearance of letters of living fire. It is a very cunningly contrived thing, and though common in London, is the first of the kind, we believe, in this country.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. George M'Keown, about 20 years of age, was drowned on Tuesday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, at the foot of Walnut street, from the sail boat Ariel. It seems the boat was going out on a pleasure excursion, and while in the act of being shoved off from the wharf by the young man, he lost his balance and fell backwards into the water. All attempts to save him were ineffectual, owing to the great force of the tide.

THE CONSTABLES AND TIPSTAVES.—In regard to the Court of General Sessions and the Constables and Tipstaves attending to it, we perceive that the late Legislature confirmed the course pursued by the Court, limiting the number of constables to five, and permitting even them to be dispensed with, should their services be conceived unnecessary. The number of tipstaves is fixed at 12—making a total of only 17—less than 6 to each of the Courts in Session.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Sunday morning, the Coroner held an inquest at Walnut street wharf, on the body of a man found drowned. The deceased appeared to be about 50 years of age, and from the appearance of the body, must have been in the water some months. The body was in a perfect state of decomposition. Verdict, "found drowned."

POISONED BY CHEESE.—The family of Martin Runyan, plasterer, in the rear of No. 98 Crown street, were poisoned on Friday evening, by some cheese, of which they had partaken for their supper. Medical aid was immediately called in and proper remedies administered. On Sunday they were considered out of danger.

OUTRAGE.—A man named George Emler was severely beaten and kicked in the abdomen, early on Monday morning, at the corner of Eighth and South streets, by some ruffians. He was carried to the Hospital, where he lay Tuesday afternoon with but very little hope of his recovery.

KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE.—A woman named Susan Burk was brought before Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, on Monday, charged with keeping a disorderly house. The Alderman after hearing the charge bound her over in the sum of $300 to answer at the Court of General Sessions.

THROWING STONES.—On Monday morning a colored girl, named Eliza J. Hitchings was brought before Alderman Redman, charged with throwing stones at a colored man named William Wheeler. The Alderman committed her to Moyamensing.

ACCIDENT.—A hackman named McCann fell from the box of a hackney coach on Monday evening, at the corner of Broad and Chesnut streets, and had one of his ears completely severed from his head by the wheels of the vehicle passing over him.

LIBEL.—George W. McCord, publisher of the Pau Pry was on Saturday held to bail in the sum of $500, by Alderman Hay, for a libel on John Griffin, tavern keeper, No. 99 South Wharves.

STARK EXAMINED.—The examination of Joseph Stark, charged with having kicked a German named John George Esher in the abdomen, from the effects of which kick he died, took place before the Recorder Wednesday afternoon. From the evidence of the witnesses examined, the deceased was in a state of intoxication on the night he is alleged to have been kicked. He was seen walking on both sides of Second street, sometimes on one side of the way and sometimes on the other. One of the witnesses alleges that she saw him thrown out of Stark's tavern—that he afterwards got up and walked to the steps of a door, and complained very much of his side. Another witness aided in getting him up to the garret of the Jefferson House, where he left him. When Dr. Ashmead was sent for, he found him on a settee, covered with a quilt—on his removing the quilt, and raising his shirt, which was covered with blood, he found his bowels protruding. Not being able to return the bowels, he gave him some laudanum, and took him to the Hospital in a furniture car. Every exertion was then made to return the bowels but without success. He seemed perfectly sensible during the operation. Only a part of the evidence was gone through; David Paul Brown, Esq. appeared for Stark, and the Attorney General, C. W. Brooke, Esq. for the commonwealth. Stark was, after the examination, taken back to Moyamensing. The examination was to be continued at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon.

RECKLESSNESS.—A hackman, named Henry Crockett was bound over on Wednesday, by the Mayor, in $250, to answer at the next Court of General Sessions, for an assault and battery upon a colored man, a carriage driver, in the employ of William V. Anderson, No. 342 Spruce street, named David Robbins. The offence was committed on Saturday, the 16th inst. The following are the circumstances:—Robbins was sitting on the box of his employer's private carriage, at the Reading Railroad Depot, in Broad street, when Crocket, whose hack was just in rear of the carriage, very carelessly and recklessly ran foul of and upset it. This threw Robbins under the carriage, the wheels of which ran over him, injuring him about the back, head and shoulders. The horses also started off at a furious rate, and their progress was only stopped by the carriage coming in contact with a lamp post. Crocket in the mean time drove on down Arch street, without once giving himself a thought concerning either the situation of Robbins or the mischief he had done to the carriage which was considerably shattered by the collision, both with his hack and lamp post.

ACCIDENT.—A pair of horses attached to a market wagon belonging to a farmer from the country, took fright Wednesday morning, near the corner of Market and Sixth streets, and ran down Sixth. When making the turn at Sixth street, one of the axletrees of the vehicle was broken, and a wheel knocked off by its coming in contact with the "city nuisance." The driver, a hostler, named James, employed at the Pennsylvania Hotel, in Sixth street, opposite North, was thrown out and severely injured. The wheel which was knocked off, passed over him. The vehicle next came in collision with an ice cart standing in front of the office of the Philadelphia Ice Company. This detached the horses, and they kept on at rapid speed to Walnut street, and down Walnut to Fifth, where they were stopped. In passing the corner of Sixth and Chesnut several persons standing there narrowly escaped.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—Our volunteer military companies, instead of abandoning the city as usual, on the anniversary of our National Independence, have determined on the coming occasion to remain at home, and promenade the streets of Philadelphia. This is perfectly right, and we are rejoiced to be able to note the salutary change. The Montgomery Guards of New York, promise to pay us a visit on the 3d, consigned to the care of Captain Robert Flanagan, of the Montgomery Hibernia Greens, and remain here and share in the festivities of the succeeding day: altogether therefore, we may reasonably anticipate an enlivening time.

A "BURNER" ARRESTED.—Police officers Ashman and Whitener, of Moyamensing, on Wednesday morning arrested a colored man named Johnson, one of the gang known as the "Moyamensing burners." From some information obtained by the officers they identified him as an individual who had been seen on Tuesday afternoon, to play off a game of swindling to the tune of $100 upon a stranger, whom he had decoyed into an obscure alley leading from Lombard street.—He was brought before Alderman Hoffner, and committed for a further hearing.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.—This great *fete*, which is to take place in this city on the approaching Fourth of July, will be something never before equalled. It will be held at the Museum, and great preparations are in progress to make it a memorable and exciting event. The Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, the celebrated poet, will certainly be present, and many eloquent addresses will be delivered, temperance songs sung, and odes recited, calculated to win the young from the path of inebriety, and impress upon them the importance of a temperate life.

A SWEET ROGUE.—A dirty looking *loafer*, named James Duffey, was fully committed on Tuesday morning by the Recorder in default of $300 bail, to answer for the larceny of fifteen luscious pine apples, of the value of $1, and a bag of the value of 25 cents. The fruit and bag had both been stolen from a vessel at the wharf. The rogue was arrested by watchman Dick, of the south east division, who found the articles in his possession.

FIRE CRACKERS.—The Fourth of July is not quite here yet, but the little boys about our streets, are too impatient to await its arrival, and have already commenced the work of mimic war, with fire crackers, and very *young* cannon. We can hear them fizzing, snapping and cracking in every direction about Southwark of an evening. Fun's fun, boys, but take care you don't burn your noses.

DANGEROUS ASSAULT AND BATTERY.—A colored man named Peter Peterson, was sent to prison Wednesday morning by Alderman Hoffner of Moyamensing, for committing a dangerous assault and battery upon a white boy named Felix Burns, by striking him violently upon the head with a brick-bat. The boy's head was very badly cut. His mother, a widow, resides in 7th street near Shippen.

MOYAMENSING PRISON.—It is said that the number of prisoners at present in Moyamensing prison is greater than has been known for the last three summers. It has been frequently necessary of late, in trivial cases, such as breaches of the peace, &c. to put three in a cell. This has been mainly attributable to the long interim of time between the breaking up of the old and creation of the new Criminal Sessions.

CABBAGING.—On Wednesday morning Ald. McCall of Southwark, committed two fellows named Samuel Patton and Charles Thompson, for robbing the garden of George King, in Federal street, between Fourth and Fifth, of a quantity of cabbages. They were arrested about 4 o'clock by the watchman of Merrick & Towne's Foundery. The cabbages were found in their possession. Each had an old bag full.

THOSE LITTLE BLACK HATS.—The last fashion among the ladies is a very pretty little black shirre hat made of crape or lawn, with a slight wreath of roses just inside. It seems rather a violation of the rules of taste to wear a black hat in conjunction with a light dress, but we admit they have a charming look, and are really beautiful.

A BURGLAR COMMITTED.—Christian Warner, one of the burglars arrested a few days since for being concerned in the late robbery at the hardware store of Parker, Keim and Shewell, No. 241 Market street, was fully committed on Wednesday by the Mayor, in default of bail to answer at the Court of General Sessions.

DRIVING ON THE PAVEMENT.—On Wednesday evening a colored man, named John Williams, a drayman, in the employ of George Broom & Co., Sugar Refiners, was fined $3 and costs by Alderman Brazer for driving on the pavement. He was also held to bail in the sum of $100 for an assault and battery on Constable Johnson, who arrested him.

FURIOUS DRIVING.—A young man named Thomas Cochran, was brought before the Mayor on Friday morning, and fined $3 and costs, for furiously driving a dray along Dock street. He was likewise held to bail in $200, to keep the peace for two calendar months. He had been arrested by officers Ireland and Delany.

MORE OF THE INDICTED.—Alfred Croskey, late teller of the Schuylkill Bank, against whom a true bill for conspiracy was found on Wednesday morning by the Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions, has been held to bail by Judge Barton in $10,000.

ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning, a man named John Rayle, fell on the pavement while in a state of intoxication, in Shippen street, near Seventh, and received a cut about the head. He was carried to the Hospital, where he still remains.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY BY A TURNKEY.—A turnkey of the County Prison, named Anthony Elton, was bound over in the sum of $250, by Alderman Johnson, of Southwark, yesterday, for an aggravated assault and battery on the person of John Hanna.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

June 10, 1840.

SENATE.—Here, after some debate between Messrs. Brown, Ewing and Pearson, in favor, and Mr. Williams opposed to the tax bill, it passed final reading by the following vote:

A bill passed directing the interest upon our State loans to be paid in specie or its equivalent—it directs the difference to be paid between bank notes and specie to the holders of stock who have been paid during the suspension.

By resolutions passed to-day, Friday next, 12th inst. has been fixed upon for the final adjournment. In the House but little was done—a few private bills were considered, some of which were lucky enough to get through. To one relating to a lock-up house in Berks county, Mr. Penniman offered as an amendment, a bill providing for changes in the election of Commissioners, the selection of Prison Inspectors, and members of the Board of Health in Philadelphia. Messrs. Lee and Penniman, advocated its passage, and Messrs. Burden, Fisher, Hinchman, and Law, opposed it—finally it was lost, yeas 28, nays 47. A proposition, made by Mr. Burden to the above bill, to separate the city from the county, was not agreed to, yeas 35, nays 40—(a joke.)

The Speaker of the House has directed that the special elections to be held in the counties of Chester and Susquehannah, on Monday next, 15th inst. shall not take place, in consequence of the final adjournment prior to that day

June 11, 1840.

This being the last day of the session, a thousand bills nearly were acted upon some way or other.

Resolutions were reported by the committees of accounts in both branches for the daily pay of the members, allowing them pay for fifty-seven days, including the twenty-five days of the recess, together with mileage.

In the House, a resolution was adopted expressive of an opinion in opposition to the passage of a law by Congress for distributing among the new States, the proceeds from the sales of the public lands.

Resolutions of thanks to both Speakers were adopted.

The apportionment bill from the House was not passed by the Senate. The bill supplementary to the act relating to the election of Aldermen and Justices of the Peace was passed; also, a bill relating to election districts.

The bill providing for the payment of interest to the holders of the State loans, and other creditors of the commonwealth in specie or its equivalent, passed a final vote.

A message was received from the Governor vetoing the bill to charter the Lancaster County Loan Company.

As a matter of course this bill was not passed by a constitutional majority of two-thirds.

Both branches had afternoon sessions, and adjourned to meet 5 minutes past 12 o'clock at night.

June 12, 1840.

Well, we're done legislating for a while, the labor of the extra session closing this morning at one o'clock. Pursuant to resolutions passed through the day session, the two branches met at five minutes past 12 o'clock. Nothing was done but to settle the differences of the Houses upon a bill in relation to the election of Aldermen and Justices of the Peace, to which the Senate had put an amendment, providing for a uniform mode of assessing the value of real estate throughout the commonwealth. Upon this amendment committees of conference had been appointed, but they could not agree, and by mutual concession the bill passed without the amendment relative to the assessments. The bill which passed is considered an important one inasmuch as it corrects the error of, and generally improves the general law in relation to said elections. The loss of the amendment is much regretted. There appears to be too much discrepancy between counties in the assessed value of real estate, and in consequence of the passage of the tax bill, it was considered essentially necessary and useful.

The usual committees to inform the respective bodies of their readiness, to adjourn, and to inform the Governor likewise, and ascertain if he had any further communications to make, were appointed and attended to their duties.

The Speaker of the House in a brief address took leave of his colleagues. His manner and his language were impressive, and altogether suitable to the occasion. He said distinctly that he did not intend to return again as a member.

The committees having reported, both bodies adjourned *sine die* about one o'clock—all parties in perfect good humor.

In the House there was 73 members present, and in the Senate 29.

This morning the greater part of the members left town.

Proceedings of Congress.

Twenty-sixth Congress.—First Session.

June 10, 1840.

In the House, this morning, the motion to reconsider the New York pilot bill was the first thing in order. Mr. Curtis, of New York, took the floor, and made a speech in opposition to the petitions of the pilots. He also went into an analysis of the history of the last six years, to prove that the pilots of New York had been sadly neglectful of duty, and had subjected the commerce of New York to shipwreck and other disaster.

In the Senate, Mr. Poinsett's report on the subject of the re-organization of the militia system, and the proposition of Mr. Clay, of Alabama, to print a very large edition of that paper, was under discussion when I closed.

June 11, 1840.

Last evening, after the adjournment of the House, the Marine Band played some delightful airs in the gardens of the Capitol to an audience of some hundreds of fair ladies. Sing their praise O muse!

This morning, Mr. Hillen of your city made an eloquent and argumentative speech in favor of repealing the present pilot law.

After the reading of some Senate bills, the House took up the Mileage Bill reported on Saturday. Mr. Black moved to lay it on the table, but the motion was rejected, yeas 66, nays 130. The bill then passed by a large majority.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, made an ineffectual motion to re-consider, after which the House went into Committee on the Sub-Treasury.

June 12, 1840.

This morning in the House, the motion to re-commit the pilot report was argued by Mr. Hillen during the hour.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Sub-Treasury bill. Mr. Barnard, of New York, had the floor, and spoke at great length against the bill.

The other evening, the son of a poor widow was bathing in our canal, and unfortunately got out of his depth. One of his comrades instantly went to his assistance, but being grasped by the former, both were in imminent danger, and would no doubt have been drowned, but for the praiseworthy conduct of a young gentleman named William Brereton, who being an expert swimmer, extricated them from their perilous situation. As every good deed deserves recording, notice this as a noble example to others.

June 13, 1840.

The morning hour was taken up with Mr. Randolph's motion to re-commit to the Committee of Commerce the New York Pilot repeal bill, without any action upon it. The Sub-Treasury bill then came up, and occupied the House the remainder of the day.

June 15, 1840.

This morning in the House, as soon as the journal had been read, Mr. Jones, of Va., was upon his feet and moved a suspension of the rules for the purpose of going on with the Independent Treasury Bill. Mr. Wise asked his colleague to give way one moment to allow him an opportunity to offer a resolution fixing the period of adjournment on the 11th of July. Mr. Jones being afraid that others would also wish to ask favors, refused to give way. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the above bill.

In the Senate they are discussing the propriety of re-chartering our District Banks. There appears to be a strong prejudice against them. It is the general impression that the Sub-Treasury Bill will be reported sometime this week.

June 16, 1840.

In the House this morning, after some debate, the bill for the repeal of the Pilot law, was read twice, and before the question could be taken on ordering it to be engrossed, the morning hour expired.

Doctor Petriken endeavored to squeeze in a resolution proposing an adjournment on the 9th of July, but the House would hear nothing about it.

On motion of Mr. Jones, the House went into committee of the whole on the Sub-Treasury bill.

Mr. Black, of Georgia, having the floor, resumed and concluded his remarks from yesterday in support of the bill.

Mr. Crockett followed against it and spoke until the recess.

The Senate this morning is engaged on the bill for the relief of the heirs of Robert Fulton.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

[illegible] per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance [illegible] months.

[illegible] are requested to frank their letters addressed [illegible] The word "free" of itself is not a frank. [illegible] will please endorse their letters with their names [illegible]

[illegible] letters will not be taken from the Post office un[illegible] postage is paid.

[illegible] discontinued only at the end of the current half subscription, and then only at the option of the [illegible] if arrearages are due.

[illegible] Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment [illegible] bills.

[illegible] are earnestly solicited to make quick remittan[illegible] without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. [illegible] should always give Names and time paid for. [illegible] person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of post[illegible] advance, will be entitled to six copies. [illegible] must always state the Post-office removed [illegible] well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

"Geographical Enigma," by R. C. next week.

"[illegible] be as the Dew," shall appear as soon as pos[illegible]

"Idiliola," is quite a favorable specimen of what [illegible] author can do in prose composition. He will hear [illegible] soon.

"[illegible] Days," is pretty; but the melody is its chief [illegible] commendation. Cannot the author be more nervous? [illegible] however, marked for insertion.

"[illegible]" we suppose is a lady. But we really do not re[illegible] her making such a remark, nor can we find any[illegible] thing like it, except in a little excerpt, under the olio, [illegible] is from the pen of Lady Blessington. Besides, [illegible] do not hold such a heresy as that "Woman cannot [illegible]" No one says so, unless he is a dunce, and old [illegible] bachelor, or some other sort of—excuse the word—hum[illegible]

[illegible] to "P." and our friend at Patterson, N. J. for [illegible] words of encouragement.

[illegible] by "P. R." are not admissible. Does he think [illegible] any fair damsel would be won by such verses as

> "Thou art the sweetest and the best
> That ever I have known,
> I never lay me down to rest
> Without wishing the a throne."

[illegible] recommend this young aspirant after Parnassus, to [illegible] his mistress in plain good old English, to have him[illegible] your word for it she will be more won upon thereby [illegible] with whole volumes of jingle.

"[illegible]" is not of the right sort. We have burnt his piece [illegible] burnt the two last, and expect to burn the next.

"[illegible]" is on hand. Good.

[illegible] from H. B. Hirst, is on our file. We are al[illegible] happy to hear from him, whether from the walks [illegible] Parnassus, or from those of the Woodlands.

[illegible] Friend," by all means.

The Court of Inquiry.

[illegible] in the case of Major Lendrum and Captain [illegible]—In the Globe of Thursday evening is pub[illegible] the following official order. It will be seen by [illegible] Major Lendrum and Capt. Dusenbery are hon[illegible] acquitted of the charges brought against them.

OFFICIAL.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 20. } Head Quarters of the Army, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, June 11, 1840.

The board of officers instituted by the direction [illegible] President of the United States, whereof Brevet [illegible] General J. E. Wool, Inspector General, is [illegible] dent; and which convened at Baltimore, Mary[illegible] the 25th May, "for the purpose of investigating [illegible] allegations made against Major T. W. Lendrum, [illegible] Commissary of Subsistence, and Captain S. B. [illegible] bery, Assistant Quarter Master, in relation to the [illegible] in which they have performed their duties in [illegible] subsistence and Quartermaster's Departments," [illegible] reported the following opinions:

Opinion in the case of Major T. W. Lendrum.—[illegible] board having patiently heard all the testimony [illegible] the parties interested have to offer, and after [illegible] carefully examined the proceedings and a mass [illegible] documentary evidence, is of opinion that there is [illegible] slightest foundation for the accusation made [illegible] Major Lendrum, on the contrary, the board [illegible] opinion, that he has, free from all party feeling or [illegible] considerations, discharged his duties in the [illegible] Quartermaster's and Commissary's Departments con[illegible] tinuously, and with a single eye to the public good. [illegible] opinion the board is cordially united."

Opinion in the case of Captain S. B. Dusenbery.—[illegible] board has heard the testimony which the par[illegible] interested have to offer, and after a careful revi[illegible] of the proceedings, is unanimously of opinion that [illegible] Dusenbery, as a disbursing officer of the Quar[illegible] master's Department, has been governed by no [illegible] consideration than those of the public interest, [illegible] that he has honestly and faithfully discharged his [illegible]

The proceedings and opinions in the foregoing [illegible] have been submitted to the President, and are [illegible] approved.

The board of officers, of which Brevet Briga[illegible] General J. E. Wool, Inspector General, is Presi[illegible] is hereby dissolved.

By order of ALEX. MACOMB,
Major General Commanding-in-Chief.
L. THOMAS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

[illegible]

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—We wish the Post [illegible] Department would make some arrangement by [illegible] the mail via Reading to Northumberland, Dan[illegible] and thereabouts could be carried with a little [illegible] celerity, and distributed with a greater eye to [illegible] general satisfaction. The mail now goes by the Cen[illegible] Turnpike, at a cost of $5000 per annum, leaving [illegible] city at the (for newspapers) very inconvenient [illegible] of three in the morning, in consequence of which [illegible] do not arrive at Reading before ten or eleven [illegible], nor at Danville till next day. If the mail were [illegible] transported by the Railroad, and we understand [illegible] Company offer to carry it for $6000 per annum, all [illegible] disadvantages would be avoided. The cars start [illegible] A. M. (an hour by which morning newspapers [illegible] be well forwarded) reach Reading about half [illegible] eight o'clock, and Northumberland and Danville [illegible] be reached the same evening. The additional [illegible] thousand dollars would be more than made up, [illegible] think, by the additional postage that would be re[illegible] by this arrangement; and we hope the depart[illegible] will seriously reflect upon the change.

Financial Record.

NEW YORK FREE BANKS.—We cut from the N. Y [illegible] the following:—The convention of free [illegible] assembled at Auburn on the 10th inst. The [illegible] convention unanimously adopted resolutions, reported [illegible] Edward Sandford, Esq. declaring the currency act [illegible] the last session of the Legislature, and the act [illegible] mandatory of the general banking law, unconstitu[illegible] null, and void.

[illegible] As to making it obligatory on the state security [illegible] to redeem at any place other than their own [illegible]

[illegible] As to the creation of an additional bank com[illegible] missioner, and subjecting the security banks to his in[illegible] spection and supervision.

[illegible] As to the appropriation of the interest on their [illegible] securities in the hands of the comptroller to the pay[illegible] of the salary of such commissioner.

A committee was appointed to confer with the con[illegible] stituted authorities, for the purpose of agreeing upon [illegible] mode of bringing the constitutionality of these acts [illegible] the most speedy decision.

INDIANA TREASURY NOTES.—Indiana Treasury [illegible] are for sale in New York, dated 20th April last, [illegible] payable at twelve months, with 6 per cent. inte[illegible] They are receivable for all state dues, are in [illegible] form, and of the different denominations of bank [illegible], and are bought by the brokers at 9 per cent. [illegible] discount.

COUNTERFEITS ENOUGH.—172 counterfeits on the [illegible] Delaware Bank, have been presented at Mr. Miller's [illegible] office within the last four days.

"BURNERS" IN LIMBO.—Four colored girls, named [illegible] Martha Thompson, Jane Palmer, Mary Winn, and [illegible] Elizabeth Bundy, an old offender, were committed on [illegible] Thursday morning by Ald. Hoffner, for decoying a [illegible] white woman from the country named Elizabeth Fitz[illegible] [illegible] into a den in Green's Court, Moyamensing, and [illegible] robbing her of about ten yards of calico, of the value [illegible] $1 20, a pair of stockings of the value of 25 cents, [illegible] handkerchiefs of the value of 31 cents each, a [illegible] quantity of check of the value of 44 cents, and seve[illegible] other articles of trifling value, all of which she had [illegible] purchased to take home with her. The robbery [illegible] occurred awhile after dark on Wednesday evening [illegible] appeared that after getting their victim into the [illegible] house where it was perpetrated, the "burners" blew [illegible] the light, knocked her down, stripped her of her [illegible] property, and then kicked her out of doors.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The Coroner held an inquest [illegible] Thursday morning at a house in Plumb street near [illegible] Fourth, upon the body of a woman named Mary Pal[illegible], who had committed suicide by taking laudanum [illegible] From the evidence before the jury it appeared that the [illegible] deceased had sent three different persons to as many [illegible] different apothecary shops, each for six penny worth of [illegible] laudanum, the whole of which she had swallowed. [illegible] Verdict—"Death from poisoning by laudanum."

COWHIDING AMONG THE WOMEN.—Catharine Butch[illegible] was fined $30 and costs in Baltimore, on Tuesday, [illegible] cowhiding Clara Norris, in the saloon of the Front [illegible] Street Theatre.

General News.

ANTHRACITE IRON.—We were shewed on Saturday a specimen of Anthracite Iron from the Roaring Creek Furnace, that was quite a subject of curiosity. On inquiry we ascertained that it had been satisfactorily demonstrated by experiment that the anthracite iron is fully equal to the best charcoal iron—that it is soft, mild, and of much greater strength than cast iron of this character generally. It seems that 2 tons 5 cwt. 40 lbs. of ore, make, with 1 ton 12 cwt. of anthracite coal for heating the blast and smelting, and about 8 cwt. of limestone, 1 *ton* of metal. Some of the pig metal was sent to different forges for trial. At Catawissa Forge, iron was produced in bars, with as much ease and facility as from charcoal metal. It was afterwards sent to a smithshop, where it was worked into horse shoes, horse shoe nails, and even fishing hooks. It was soft, smooth, and elastic—and old hands, who have long worked in iron, say it will answer admirably for boilers, chain-cables, sheet iron, &c. Anthracite coal may therefore be pronounced the best fuel for the smelting of iron yet discovered, and the generous effect such a development must have upon the mineral wealth of our State is beyond calculation. Europe will soon feel it to her cost, in the diminution of our imports in the article, for when we can manufacture as good as that of England, Russia, &c., our people will be enabled to expend at home the millions they are now compelled to send abroad, to enrich foreigners.

STEAMBOAT BOILER BROKEN.—The New York Herald states that on Sunday "the steamer Citizen, Capt. Yates, started in the morning, at nine o'clock, on an excursion round Staten Island, with about one hundred and fifty passengers. At ten o'clock, or thereabouts, when a mile and a half beyond Elizabethtown point, one of the boiler braces, or a linch pin of one of the boiler rods gave way, forcing a pannel and causing a small stream of hot water to be thrown on deck.—The pannel, or whatever it was, and a portion of the water struck a passenger, standing near, in the face, which severely injured and disfigured it.—Three other passengers were so frightened by the steam rushing out and the noise, that they foolishly jumped overboard. Two were drowned, namely, William F. Warner, aged 19 years, brass founder, No. 27 James street, and Benjamin D. Disbrow, tailor, in Stanton street, near Columbia. The latter was a native of Mamaroneck. The third person, a foreigner, was picked up. He refused to give either his name or address, for fear, he said, of frightening his friends. At the time of the accident there was only fourteen inches of steam on.—Capt. Yates immediately gave up the excursion, and returned to the city with his passengers and steamer.

A STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—The boats from New York to Albany are running the fiercest kind of an opposition. The Napoleon, an Albany boat, put on the route for the purpose of carrying cheap, left New York on Saturday evening crowded with passengers. The opposition line had sent off the Utica, only one third full, just before, and just as the Napoleon passed Barclay street, the De Witt Clinton, belonging also to the opposition line, started out and ran her bows directly into the Napoleon. Four hundred persons were on board the latter; she careened till her smoke pipe nearly touched the water, and then came near upsetting. The screams of the women and children were terrific, yet the De Witt Clinton never backed water, but tried to run her down. Finally the Napoleon got clear, and proceeded on her course. During the collision, some gentlemen on board the Napoleon fired five shots at the three men in the pilot house of the De Witt Clinton, and it is believed that one was seriously wounded. We make no comment on such disgraceful proceedings.

A HORRID DEATH.—A man named Amos Core undertook to run a race on a blind horse, with an acquaintance last Saturday near Doylestown for one dollar aside. In the race the horse fell, and throwing his rider over his head, rolled over on his head and breast cutting his throat and face, and breaking in the bones in the region of his breast to the ribs. He was taken to Mr. Petit's hotel, Doylestown, and there died. He has left a wife and two children.

COURT MARTIAL.—They are holding a Court Martial at New York on board the frigate Hudson, for the trial of Henry Livingston, a seaman on board the sloop of war Ontario, lately arrived from Pensacola. He is being tried for mutiny, and is the same one who was tried before and condemned to be hung for the same crime, but was pardoned, after being brought out for execution.

IN ADVANCE OF THE MAIL.—The steamer Neptune arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon, from New Orleans via Key West and Charleston. Had she not stopped at the latter place she would have made the passage in seven days. She brought New Orleans papers one day, and Charleston two days in advance of the mail. Nothing new, however.

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.—A slip from the N. York Herald informs us that the ship Azelia, Captain Fisk, arrived on Monday, in a remarkable short passage from Rio de Janeiro. No news of any consequence. Rio Janeiro is to be lighted with gas. A contract between the government and a company had been made to that effect.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.—Wise went up with his balloon from Doylestown on Saturday, and as usual, there were twice as many gazers *outside*, as there were *inside*, the enclosure. His expenses were about $250, and his receipts about $200. He made a pretty ascension, and descended a distance of seven miles from his starting place.

DREADFUL.—A boy, about eight years of age, was killed at Rochester on the 10th inst., from a point just below the lower falls, a distance of more than a hundred feet—striking amidst the pointed fragments of rock with which the margin and bed of the river there abound.

NEW ISLAND DISCOVERED.—The French Exploring Expedition thinks it has discovered a new Island in the Southern Ocean, extending from long. 139 degrees 20 min. E. of Paris to long. 198 deg. 30 min. and latitude from 65 to 67 deg. South.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.—Mrs. Eliza Norton, of Monson, Mass., is being tried at Springfield for the murder of Mr. James P. Stanton, by means of arsenic mixed with medicinal drink, and administered on the 2d November last.

TRUE BILLS.—True bills have been found by the Grand Jury at Trenton, against Capt. Stockton, John Nagle, and several of the individuals of the Hornet line, in consequence of the recent railroad rows about the disposition of passengers.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.—A Mr. Wheelwright, of Newburyport, Mass., is about to put into operation a line of regular steamboat communication along the Pacific Coast of South America, from Valparaiso to Panama. We hope he will succeed.

MORE INDIAN MURDERS.—On Sunday, the 24th May last, the Indians, it is said, made an attack on one of the Alachua settlements, killing thirteen families, and the garrison of six men. The attack was made at night, and is represented as a complete surprise.

WHAT A MONSTER!—W. Carroll was arrested in New York on Saturday for beating his wife while in a delicate state, and causing the premature delivery of a dead infant. The wife died also on Sunday; so he stands charged with the murder of both.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—In New Orleans there is a woman whose tongue goes so fast, that they intend applying it to machinery for the purpose of printing a penny paper with a circulation of fifty thousand.

OFFICIAL ROBBERY.—A man who was imprisoned in New York on Saturday for stealing a pig, has brought an action, and had his captors committed for robbing him, while a prisoner, of $17 75.

DROWNED.—On Thursday afternoon, William Cowen, of Natchitoches, was drowned in Charles River, near Boston. He was about 20 years old, and a student of the Law School.

SHOT HIMSELF.—Vincent Saunders recently shot himself in Marion, Ala. The deceased was the husband of the unfortunate lady who was lately found hung to a joice in the same house.

A NEW LAW.—A law has recently been passed by our legislature, vesting the Courts of Common Pleas with power to grant charters to charitable institutions, fire companies, &c.

FIRE IN NEW ORLEANS.—On the 5th inst., a fire broke out in New Orleans, which consumed a three storied dwelling. Furniture was saved.

ROW IN BOSTON.—There was quite a sensation in Boston, last week, because a black man was seen escorting a *white* woman, in one of the principal streets.

DRIFTED OUT.—A man named Charles Fraley drifted out to sea from Savannah on the 12th, on a raft, and has not been heard of since.

CHOKED.—A man by the name of Furber, in Lowell, on the 9th instant, choked himself to death in attempting to swallow a lobster's tail whole.

THE BONES OF NAPOLEON.—One of the English newspapers speaking of the desire of the French government to remove the bones of Napoleon from St. Helena, and inter them in the soil of that country with whose fame and glory that great man is imperishably connected, remarks:—"It seems singular that so vast political combinations as those of which he was at the head, have left so little trace of their existence. His only direct descendant is dead; the thrones of the different members of his family—Spain, Naples, Westphalia, Holland—have all passed away, after the lapse of less than a quarter of a century. Europe has settled down under nearly the same dynasties, and within nearly the same territorial demarcations as those he overthrew, and fancied he had obliterated. On the soil to which his bones are now reverently borne, all of his name and blood are forbidden by law to set foot; and if they are interred with royal splendor hard by the tombs of the kings whose throne he usurped, it is because all Europe feels that with himself his dynasty perished—that he neither had, nor can have a successor."

PEACH TREES AND THE FROST.—The New York Tattler remarks, that the prospect of peaches in Jersey, this season, is terribly dubious, and furnishes the following scrap to be treasured and tried next Spring: "Peach trees have been very much destroyed of late years by the 'hard winters,' as it has been said. Judge Judson, of the United States District Court of Connecticut, who resides at Canterbury, caught the idea that it might be the too early Springs. He therefore, in January, after the ground had become thoroughly frozen, covered the roots a foot deep with hay or straw, which had the effect to keep the frost in the ground, and so prevent the sap from starting until the Spring was fairly opened. He succeeded completely; for the last Spring the trees all around, and of his neighbor in the adjoining yard, were all destroyed, but his were fresh and blooming. The fact seems to be, that not the cold weather, but warm weather, does the mischief. The trees are killed by frost after the sap starts."

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—On Thursday night last, says the Baltimore Sun, about 12 o'clock, Hugh McAlamara committed a brutal assault and battery on the person of Dr. J. T. Whitaker, and inflicted upon him a number of dangerous wounds with a large knife. One of them, in the abdomen in the region of the groin, is supposed to be fatal. This disgraceful affair took place in Painter's Court, running from Pitt street into Exeter street. The Doctor and McAlamara had had a quarrel some days before the meeting. After McAlamara had perpetrated this brutal outrage, he deliberately walked to the pump, washed from his hands the blood of his victim, wiped his knife, replaced it in his pocket, and went to his own house. As soon as Dr. Whitaker received the wounds—which were inflicted in rapid succession—he exclaimed, "assist me, gentlemen, and carry me to my wife—I am murdered." McAlamara was soon after arrested, lodged in the watch house, and Friday morning committed to jail.

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.—The Celestial Empire consists of China proper, which embraces eighteen rich and fertile Provinces, each of which is equal in extent and population to some European kingdoms, making an aggregate of 1,298,000 square miles. To this may be added Chinese Tartary, a thinly peopled but out stretched region. Her power is strengthened by having Thibet on the one hand, and Corea or Loo Choo on the other, almost exclusively subject to her influence. Again, Cochin China, Burmah, and Siam, are claimed among her tributary kingdoms. Her overgrown dominions thus extend over thirty-five degrees of latitude, and seventy of longitude, and cover an area of 3,000,000 square miles.

SUICIDE IN PRISON.—On Friday, a girl named Hannah Chamberlain, committed suicide in the city prison, New York. Deceased was a native of England, and had been in this country but two months. She was arrested about one o'clock on Thursday night, on charge of stealing 20 sovereigns from her employer; was examined about 4 o'clock next day by the magistrates, and with two other females committed to one of the cells in the prison. The two other females fell asleep, and one of them waking about three quarters of an hour after, found deceased hanging by her handkerchief, which she had passed around her neck and fastened to her steel corset spring, which she had placed in a crevice in the wall.

PLUGGING TEETH.—The Boston Times calls attention to a new substance for filling carious teeth. It is said to be a mineral compound, soft and yielding when applied, so as to be pressed into the cavity without causing pain; and capable of being moulded to any desired form. It soon hardens to a degree that resists a knife and file almost as perfectly as the enamel itself, and will not yield to the action of ordinary acids. If this be not exaggeration it is one of the most useful discoveries of the times, for we know of no worse malady than the tooth-ache, nor of nothing worse than extracting or plugging them upon the ordinary plan.

BOILER EXPLODED—*Boat Sunk*.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 2d inst. says:—"A flat boat, which had been fitted up with a small steam engine for the purpose of trading up and down the river, was yesterday afternoon wrecked by an explosion of the boiler, while lying just below the Pontchartrain rail road. There were five persons on board at the time, viz: three men, one woman, and a child. The child was drowned—the others were rescued by the boats that went to their assistance.

A BABY IN COURT.—A baby was brought into the Lower Police office, New York, on Saturday, having been taken from a drunken wretch named Catharine Riley, who could give no account of herself, and said that she picked up the child in the street. The child was, when found, tightly swathed in a woollen rug, drawn closely across its mouth and nearly suffocated. It was procured some milk, which it drank with all the eagerness of hunger. The magistrate sent the child to the almshouse.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Some one was remarking the other day, at the Athenæum, on the oddity of Prince Albert having fixed upon a pair of candlesticks as an appropriate present to make to Mr. Davis, the huntsman. "Not at all odd," said Theodore Hook; "it was done in order that he might be always ready to assist his royal highness to *a light*.

FISHING FOR COPPER.—A new ship, belonging to Boston, was wrecked about three years ago on Pollock Rip, in Boston Bay. The Revenue Cutter Hamilton, which returned to Boston on Thursday evening, from an excursion to the wreck, found nine fishing vessels busily engaged in fishing up pigs of copper. They had about 850 pigs.

ESPY, THE STORM-KING.—Espy, the storm-patroniser, is now on the Ocean wave. We may presume he ruled the *waves* here; but can he rule the *seas* on, in his present situation? Or would the overwhelming waters not *seize* on him were he to "agitate" them unnecessarily. However, he should be pretty well *seasoned* by this time, as far as water is concerned.

FIRE.—On Friday morning last, between 1 and 2 o'clock, a fire occurred in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in the block of brick buildings on Harvard street, near the Town House. Two houses were destroyed, owned by Captain Nichols, and the heirs of the late Amos Binney. The fire was caused by putting hot ashes in a barrel.

THE ARAB VESSEL.—The Arabs, Ahmet Ben Haman, his two officers, and the entire crew of the "Sultanee," fifty in number, are now quartered in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The officers live with Commodore Renshaw as his guests, and the crew on board one of the frigates in ordinary.

THE TOOTH-ACHE USEFUL.—Two fellows broke into a store in Hadley, Massachusetts, on the night of the 5th inst., robbed it of $800 worth of goods, and then set it on fire. It was discovered by a neighbor, who had the tooth-ache all night, and couldn't sleep.

SKULL FRACTURED.—A young man named Tyler, in Enfield, Massachusetts, a few days ago, in attempting to split a log with powder, had his skull fractured by a premature explosion.

FALLING.—The latest accounts represent the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as falling very fast. On the 26th ult. there was only 8 feet water on the Cumberland bar.

MORE LIBELS.—Dr. T. M. Foote, of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, has had Quartus Graves, the proprietor of the Buffalo Republican, indicted for a libel.

ACQUITTED.—*Timothy Tewkesbury*, who killed John W. Ogg, in Natchez about a year ago, has been acquitted. The trial is said to have presented a great array of legal talent on both sides.

ASSAULT.—Ten negro women were tried last week in Stafford county, Virginia, for an assault upon the overseer of Mrs. Fitzhugh, with intent to kill.

TRIED FOR PERJURY.—Martin T. Draper was convicted in Worcester, Massachusetts, on Tuesday last, of perjury, and sentenced to five years hard labor.

STEALING.—A blacksmith in England, advertises "that he irons wheels and steals axes."

HE LOVED *too* WELL.—James Barton was convicted in Baltimore lately of having married two women.—What could have induced the erring animal to take upon himself, voluntarily, a plurality of this world's ills, unless it were for the purpose of getting into the penitentiary, and enjoying there, a repose beyond his reach anywhere else, we cannot imagine. Pooh! the man was insane, and the jury should have cleared him on that account.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—A. J. Davis, the proprietor of the St. Louis Argus, was brutally assaulted on the 1st inst. by Mr. P. Darnes and Thornton Grimsby, the former of whom beat him when down over the head with an iron cane until his skull was fractured in four places, and had afterwards, under the care of two surgeons, to be trepanned. We hope the villains will be suitably dealt with.

THE WINNEBAGO INDIANS.—Up to the 1st inst. the Winnebagoes, it seems, had refused to remove from their present location to that assigned them by our government. The Fox and Sac tribes, their bitter enemies, roam in the region to which they were to have gone, and they are afraid to encounter them. A desperate and sanguinary conflict takes place whenever they meet, and they say they may as well die by the hand of the white man, in their old hunting ground, as to be killed by the Sacs and Foxes. Gov. Dodge gave them to the 1st inst. to reflect, determined to coerce them, if they then refused voluntarily to remove. Poor Indians!

OREGON TERRITORY.—This territory, in whose praise laudatory paragraphs have been concocted and published from Dan to Beersheba, turns out to be not quite the land of promise that was imagined. It is by no means "all that fancy painted it," if it be true, as a settler there writes home, that it is any thing but attractive, that there are no inducements for the farmer or other emigrant, and that unfavorable reports are daily furnished by all who have visited it.

SUPPOSED MURDER.—Three girls, living in Jefferson street, Baltimore, near the Canal, and named Mary, Elizabeth, and Angeline Grant, were arrested on Wednesday, charged with murder. Cries of murder, groans, &c. had been heard in their house the night before, and they were found all bloody, but it seems that they had only been having a row among themselves, and a broken tooth was the sum total of the damage.

PUNISHING THIEVES.—Not long ago four horse thieves were captured in Iowa Territory, somewhere near Davenport, one of whom was instantly hung up to a tree, where, the Register remarks, he had remained four days, and was being consumed by carion birds; another was shot, and the remaining two mutilated and set at liberty. This is rather a strong story, but we give it as one of the *on dits* of the day.

AN ANIMAL COMBINATION.—There is a calf about 9 weeks old, now on a farm in Springfield, Mass. that has eyes and ears like an elephant, breast and fore quarters like a horse, rump like a buffalo, hair curled, tail like an elk, short hind quarters like a bear, while its back is so short that there is not more than the width of a hand between the shoulder and the hip.—This is a most extraordinary animal indeed.

ALBANY ALE.—The Albany brewers prosecuted E. C. Delavan, for saying that their beer was made from vile, filthy water, taken from stagnant pools, gutters and ditches, in which were dead animals, and in which the water was often green on the surface, and of the thickness of cream, and laid the damages at $300,000. *He proved the fact*, and gained the suit.—Who'll drink Albany ale now?

DROWNED.—A young man, a Frenchman, about 16 years of age, named Auguste Avriel, was drowned on Sunday afternoon while bathing in Cooper's Creek. There were several of his friends with him at the time, who made every effort to save him, but without success. He resided with E. Daix, hair dresser, No. 28 South Fourth street.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.—It is said by Com. Moore of the Texan Navy, that the Texan Government gave Mexico until the 1st of June to acknowledge the Independence of Texas. If not acknowledged by that time, the Texans were to send their whole Navy down on the coast of Mexico, and wage an offensive war against that country.

EXTENSIVE FIRE.—By a slip from the office of the Baltimore Clipper, dated Saturday, June 13th, 8 o'clock, A. M., we learn that the extensive distilling establishment of N. U. Chaffee, Esq., on Pennsylvania avenue, about half a mile from the city, was entirely destroyed by fire about 1 o'clock that morning.

EXECUTION.—J. B. Millen, who was sentenced to death for the murder of Green, expiated his crime on the scaffold in New Orleans, on the 3d ult., between the hours of twelve and one. Previous to his execution, he spent much time in his cell in the company of his religious consolers.

FOUND DEAD.—An inquest was held last Wednesday in Pottsville, on the body of a stranger supposed to be either James Giles or James Haywood, aged about 40 years. He was seen during the day seated along side of the river road. He had a wife, and had been working upon the railroad.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—Four were imprisoned in default of bail in Cincinnati on Friday week. The quantity of bills found upon the four amounted to something like 7 or $8,000. Their names were Solomon Rice, B. B. Leach, Daniel Clark, and R. S. Rador, (alias Smith.)

DIED OF APOPLEXY.—Capt. Russell Glover, a ship master of New York, aged 70 years, was found lying dead on the floor of his room on Friday morning, where he was supposed to have fallen in a fit of apoplexy. When seen last on the previous day, he was in good health.

VERY COOL.—The New Orleans Sun says a man walked into the office, and not being able to subscribe for a year without six months subscription in advance, turned round and requested the editor to lend him half a dollar, and he would treat to a julep! That was cool.

DROWNED.—William Ritchie, Esq., of the firm of Paxson, Ritchie & Co., of this city, was drowned on the 12th inst., in attempting to swim across the Ohio river and back, near South Wheeling, Va. He was seized with a cramp, and sunk before assistance could be rendered.

HE WAS HUNG.—Chauncey Skinner was hung in Toronto, (U. C.) on Monday, the 8th inst. for the murder last fall of H. McCaul, of Whitby. He made a solemn speech, and attributed his end to early habits of intoxication.

SMALL POX.—This loathsome disease has made its appearance in Paulding, Miss. It is supposed to have been communicated by the Indians who trade with that town. Several of the negroes on the adjoining plantation had taken it.

SKATING IN SUMMER.—Some gentlemen in London were so exceedingly anxious for a skating match that they had a large pond artificially frozen in May, upon which they disported themselves much to their own amusement and that of the observers.

A GREAT HORSE.—We find it stated that a six year old gelding, belonging to Mr. R. Demon, of Boston, travelled 103 miles between sunrise and sunset, over a hilly road, before a carriage which, with the rider, weighed 470 pounds, for a purse of $800.

ACQUITTED.—Justice Merritt, of New York, has been acquitted of the charge preferred against him. More's the pity. He was the great patron of the "stool pigeon" system.

BOAT RACE AT NEW ORLEANS.—On the 31st ult. at New Orleans, there was a boat race of a mile and a half—best two in three, for a liquor stand and salver. Four boats entered.

A SEVERE FALL.—A lad fell from the rigging of a Pilot Boat, and badly fractured the bones of his arm in New York on Friday.

SCOTT'S PATENT REFRIGERATORS, and WATER COOLERS, warranted to be the best article for Generating Cold, and Preserving Provisions, that have ever been offered to the public, as will be seen by the following Certificates and References, viz: Having bought one of John Scott's Patent Refrigerators, a few weeks back, believing, from its construction, that it was the best and most complete article for that purpose ever offered to the public, my objections and prejudices to the common Provision Safes that have hitherto been in use, has all been hushed by the use of Mr. Scott's, for I have more than realised my expectations in its use. Having tested its merits fully, I have recommended them to my friends, who are equally satisfied with them, and would now recommend them to the public. WM. ROWLAND,
Saw Manufacturer, Zane street.

CITY REFERENCES.
Rev. John Chambers, Arch street.
James B. Danforth, Merchant, S. wharves.
Charles W. Pierce, Esq. Chesnut street.
P. S. Yorke, Esq. Girard street.
Chas. Illeus, Esq. Schuylkill 7th and Ritner street.
Mr. Briscoe, Walnut street.
T. Homer, Esq. South Eighth street.
Geo. R. Graham, Esq. Saturday Evening Post.
Thomas Mellor, Esq. Arch street.
Benj. Rowland, Esq. Benezett street.
Mr. Shillingsworth, South Eighth street.

In addition to the above certificates and references the subscriber informs the public that he warrants his article far superior to any other in the line, ever offered in the market, and is prepared to produce certificates from a number of scientific gentlemen, that have not only examined them, but use them with entire satisfaction, as to their superiority over all other kind. JOHN SCOTT,
Refrigerator Warehouse, No. 78 South Second street,
ja 2—3m Philadelphia.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 4th to the 17th June.

June 4, received from	
W. B. McIntosh, Esq.	$2 00
J. Winger, Esq.	3 00
W. Savage,	2 00
L. W. Hooper, agt.	5 00
J. Townsend,	3 75
S. Townsend,	1 50
Kerr & Breed,	3 75
J. Weise,	2 00
M. N. Brown,	2 00
J. Rice,	2 00
C. E. Seidel,	4 00
C. F. Beckel,	2 00
Jas Moore,	2 00
John Lowell,	2 00
June 5.	
A. Porter,	1 00
Jas. Garrett,	2 00
J. Engle,	4 00
J. R. Black,	1 00
H. Mulford,	2 00
Wm. Bull, Esq.	1 00
Joel C. Everley, Esq.	7 50
C. Hinsdale, Esq.	5 00
A. Tomlin, Esq.	2 00
John A. Hurst, Esq.	2 00
P. Myers, Esq.	2 00
Isaac Landis, Esq.	12 00
W. Collins, Esq.	5 00
A. S. Edmonds, Esq.	2 00
W. Ewing, Esq.	2 00
W. Daniel, Esq.	2 00
June 6.	
J. L. S. Foster, Esq.	2 00
W. E. Omen, Esq.	5 00
C. F. Hillegary, Esq.	5 00
E. Rose, Esq.	4 00
W. P. Conner,	5 00
W. Hatton,	4 00
H. Morrison,	2 00
R. Wetherill,	1 00
M. Holgate,	1 50
F. Hodson,	1 50
J. Allston,	1 00
J. Rhodes,	1 00
N. Pratt,	2 00
June 8.	
Jas. Aull,	2 00
L. S. Morris,	1 00
Jos. Hayten,	2 00
S. Swain, Jr.	1 00
G. F. Coffee,	2 00
E. W. Robinson,	4 00
J. B. Pickering,	3 00
Peter Lehman,	2 00
Wm. Barton,	2 00
A. S. Curtis,	2 00
Walter Conyers,	8 00
J. D. Hoke, Esq.	12 00
Orton Williams, Esq.	4 00
S. Henderson, Esq.	2 00
J. Sims, Esq. to Nov. 19, 1842,	10 00
G. W. Compton,	5 00
S. Johnson,	2 00
Jas. McEwen, Esq.	2 00
S. B. Andrews, Esq.	5 00
W. H. Blakely, Esq.	2 00
J. Hite, Esq.	2 00
E. Edwards, Esq.	2 00
G. Safford, Esq.	6 00
L. N. Wilcoxen, Esq.	3 00
June 9.	
J. Smith,	2 25
W. J. Gault,	1 00
Jas. Scholey,	2 00
D. Vanaman	2 00
C. Hand,	2 00
A. Whann, Esq.	2 00
S. Washburn, Esq.	5 00
R. White, Esq.	5 00
E. A. Anderson, Esq.	5 00
J. P. McNeal, Esq.	5 00
C. L. Pereburg, Esq.	2 00
S. A. Webb, Esq.	6 00
June 10.	
T. H. Stockley, agt.	144 00
E. R. Fairman,	2 00
J. R. Mackey,	2 00
J. Little,	2 00
Jackson & King,	6 00
Hugh Roberts,	2 00
J. Howden,	1 00
P. Wells,	6 00
J. Wiggins,	2 00
W. P. Whittington,	2 00
H. Curtis, Esq.	2 00
L. S. Delaplain, Esq.	2 00
P. Tomkins, Esq.	3 00
S. W. Killogg, Esq.	2 00
J. Hallstead, Esq.	10 00
June 11.	
A. Mode,	2 00
P. A. Rice.	2 00
June 11, received from	
J. Allen,	3 00
J. N. Studdiford,	9 00
T. R. Shepherd,	1 00
Victor & Jamess,	2 00
E. Williamson,	1 00
B. Elliott, Esq.	3 00
R. E. Fleming, Esq.	1 00
J. M. Connaughey, Esq.	5 00
E. Davidson, Esq.	2 00
W. McCurdy,	2 00
M. H. Alexander, Esq.	5 00
H. P. Welting, Esq.	4 00
A. Coryell, Esq.	2 04
June 12.	
J. Day, Esq.	2 00
J. R. Gaus, Esq.	7 00
A. Pean, Esq.	4 30
W. Sherrett, Esq.	1 25
J. M. Young, Esq.	4 00
S. V. Barton, Esq.	3 00
J. Griffith,	2 00
J. Green,	5 00
Thos. Cornog,	2 00
A. Dunn,	2 00
Jas Ellis,	2 00
T. B. Fidler,	2 00
Wm. M. Span,	3 00
June 13.	
J. N. Baylor,	1 00
Drew & Co.	1 50
Thos. Shepherd,	2 00
W. Yard, Esq.	15 00
H. Odom,	3 00
Wm Bunting,	1 00
Wm. A. Knapp,	1 00
S. J. Drew, Esq.	2 00
S. Pitkin, Esq.	2 00
J. W. Trumbull, Esq.	50 00
J. Banks, Esq.	5 00
T. Watson, Esq.	7 00
J. R. Clark, Esq.	3 00
L. Carryle, Esq.	2 00
June 15.	
D. B. Molloy, Esq.	5 00
C. Beardley, Esq.	2 00
J. H. Bells, Esq.	4 00
J. Goulbourn, Esq.	4 00
W. Gearhart, Esq.	2 00
T. Fowler, Esq.	2 00
Dewit C. Henderson,	8 00
P. Nixon, Esq.	2 00
J. Townsend, Esq.	2 00
C. H. Nettles, Esq.	2 00
T. T. Carroway, Esq.	2 00
S. Anderson, Esq.	2 00
M. Lawver, Esq.	2 00
P. Layster, Esq.	5 00
A. H. McNinn,	2 00
I. E. James, agt.	125 00
J. Yard,	5 31
J. W. Worrell,	2 00
Thos. Smith,	2 00
G. E. Wescott,	6 00
G. W. South,	5 00
L. P. Hieler,	1 25
W. B. Potts,	2 00
T. H. Waldman,	2 00
A. Dutch,	2 00
S. Dougherty,	2 00
M. Shollenger,	2 00
L. D. Belair,	1 00
A. Rovoudt,	2 00
Wm. W. Hubble, nett,	4 50
J. Rigland, Esq.	12 00
A. W. Jones,	2 00
A. Eckert,	1 00
T. P. Harper,	4 00
June 16.	
P. M. Palmyra, Esq.	4 00
M. Irvine, Esq.	5 00
J. W. Bell, Esq.	2 00
J. A. C. Gibbs, Esq.	5 00
S. B. North,	2 00
J. Rodney,	2 00
W. Graham,	2 00
B. C. Marsh,	2 00
Wm Layre,	2 00
Wm. Morton,	2 00
June 17.	
S. S. Bunting, Esq.	5 00
W. J. Church, Esq.	5 00
J. M. Nelson, Esq.	2 00
D. Stacy, Esq.	2 00
M. Glore, Esq.	4 00
J. Nesbitt, Esq.	2 00
W. Anderson, Esq.	2 00
W. Ingram,	2 00
W. F. Becket,	2 00
L. Denny,	2 00
J. Hutch,	2 00
Geo. Lowning,	2 00
R. Wall, Esq.	10 00
W. Wilson,	2 00

SALES OF STOCKS.
By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

	price sold for.	par.
2935 shares United States Bank,	73a79	100
134 do. Mechanics Bank,	35½a36½	35
200 do. Girard Bank,	40½a41	50
86 do. Penn Township Bank,	50½a51½	50
32 do. Commercial Bank,	54½a55	50
7 do. Far. & Mec. Bank,	54	50
2 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	420	400
30 do. Western Bank	48	50
77 do. Vicksburg Bank	14	100
203 do. N. Orleans Gas Bank,	94	70
81 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	60	100
34 do. Commercial Bank Cincin.	95	100
270 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	45½a46½	50
25 do. Stonington RR.	8 a18¼	100
10 do. Northern Liberty Gas Co.	57	50
4 do. Philadelphia Museum,	54a55	100
5 do. Phil. Exchange Co.	61	100

ADVICE TO THE AFFLICTED.

Mr Editor: We send you the following recommendation of a domestic medical work entitled "Suggestions to Parents and Others," and take the liberty of asking you to give it an insertion in your paper, believing that it will be of public utility. It is, we presume, well known to you, and the more intelligent part of the community, that there is at this time all species of fraud and imposition inflicted upon the unsuspecting by quacks, and other impostors, who advertise medicines to be taken for the removal of complaints, which, at the same time they have not the least knowledge of the nature of the disease or remedies which they recommend. It is our opinion that the work alluded to above, is well calculated to prevent those who read it from being imposed upon, and also enable them to employ remedies suited to their cases, without risk of injury and expence, when compared with the extortions of impostors.

The work contains a full account of the cause, symptoms, and treatment of all diseases, in so plain and simple a manner as to enable the most illiterate to apply the remedies with success, particularly complaints of long standing, such, for instance, as nervous affections, rheumatism, consumption, disease of the liver, spinal affections, &c. The author's character and success in the removal of which will be a sufficient recommendation of his work to all acquainted with him.

We were much pleased when on a visit to your city, in calling upon several persons who had been afflicted with diseases of long standing, and had employed the remedies recommended in the work. One gentleman, a Mr. Cohill, residing at No. 175 North Second street, informed us that he had been cured of disease of the spine, after having been confined to his chamber seven years, and had got seven inches shorter than formerly; we visited an aged lady residing in Vine street, below Third, she had been insane for some time, and had been given over as incurable by some of your most celebrated physicians, but was restored to her health and senses by the remedies recommended in the above mentioned work. We also called to see several other persons, some of which had been supposed to be in an incurable condition, from disease of the heart, falling fits, &c.—They were restored.

The work is published in numbers, and has been reviewed by the most respectable authorities. It can be sent by mail to all parts of the United States for the usual rate of paper postage.

We learn by the publisher's advertisement, that all communications relating to it, must be addressed to the author, A. H. McNair, M. D. No. 260 Arch street, Philadelphia, and that fifteen numbers, each containing thirty-two pages, octavo size, will complete it; for which subscribers and others will be charged three dollars in advance.

We have received thirteen numbers of the work, which has been published during the last year, and have employed many of the remedies recommended for the removal of diseases which were thought incurable, with the happiest results and we would most affectionately recommend it to the public generally, as an interesting and useful assistant in case of disease. And, also to the notice of physicians. They will find much original and useful information not to be obtained in other works, and they will find the opinions of the most celebrated English, French, and German Surgeons, relating to the treatment of disease.

J. WISE, M. D.
S. GRASON, M. D.
It WM. J. THOMPSON, M. D.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Commissioner in Pennsylvania, duly nominated, constituted and appointed by the Governor and Senate of the State of N. York, to take the Acknowledgment and Proof of Deeds and other Writings under Seal, to be used or recorded in the State of New York, and to administer Oaths or Affirmations, pursuant to an act of the Legislature of the said State of New York, concerning "the Acknowledgment of Deeds and Instruments of Writing under Seal," passed May 13, 1840.

Commissioner's Office, 97 South Second street. Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. ja 20—3m*

G. WASHINGTON ASH, Agent for Negotiating Notes, Bills of Exchange, Post Notes, Bonds and Mortgages, Insurance on Life, Fire and Marine Risk, for making Investments in Stocks, and for the purchase and sale of Real Estate. Office, Back Room No. 4 Library street, Philadelphia. ja 20—6m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 15th, 1840.

DR. D. JAYNE—DEAR SIR: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others, and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long, at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which (amidst all the *hair humbugs* which have been advertised in the papers) I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it *will make the hair grow*, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON,
Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. ja 20—3m

EDUCATION.—A gentleman, who is a graduate and has been several years engaged in teaching the English, Classical, and Mathematical branches of Education, wishes to commence an Academy, or some literary Institution in a healthy borough or village. His wife being a proficient in Music, it would equally suit them to establish a seminary for young ladies. A stated salary is not desired. Letters addressed to E. H. HOLLISTER, Philadelphia, will be handed to the advertiser and receive immediate attention.

N. B. His classical academy in Philadelphia would be sold or exchanged for one in the country. ja 13—4t*

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

COTTON—Since Friday last the market has become inactive and the sales have been confined to small parcels at previous rates.

COTTON—Stock very light and chiefly of inferior quality. There is no change in prices but the sales have been limited fine Uplands at 10½ cts. and inferior Mobile 8½ cts. per lb. By public sale, on Monday 124 bales damaged Mississippi Cotton, were sold at from 5½ to 8½ cts. per lb.

FLOUR & MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue light, and prices have not varied since our last report—Sales of fair to good Brands Penna Flour for export at $4,62½ per bbl. and Western $4,37½, occasionally at 4,44. Stocks very light. Fresh ground Penna Flour is held firmly at $4,62½. A sale of City Mills Flour at $4,75. Rye Flour is steady at $2,75, with sales. Corn Meal—Sales in bbls at $2,81½.

FRUIT—By auction, 850 boxes Sicily Oranges were disposed of to-day at 55 cts. to $2,10 per box, cash, for inferior to good quality. A cargo of 20,000 Pine Apples sold at a price not made public.

GRAIN—There is a good demand for wheat and the supplies have fallen off. Sales of Pennsylvania red at 98 cts. to $1 per bushel, afloat at the latter prices for very prime quality. Sales of good Southern for making Starch at $1,02. Rye—Last sales were at 50 cts. for Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales of Southern flat yellow, at 48 a 49 cts. and white 46 cts. A cargo of Pennsylvania yellow at 50½ cts. per bushel. Oats—Sales of Southern at 26 a 27 cts. afloat.

PROVISIONS—Prices remain without variation. Sales of Western Pork, Clear at $18; Mess at $15,50 a 16, and Prime $13,50 to 13,35 per bbl. Bacon—Hams range from 9 to 10½ cts; Sides 8 a 8½, and shoulders 7½ a 7¾ cts. per lb. in parcels—demand quite moderate. Lard—A sale of Western at 11 cts. per lb. cash.

SUGARS—There is a good demand for hhd. Sugars, and 160 hhds. New Orleans on landing, have sold at full prices sustaining the advance noted last week. 180 hhds. Fernandine were taken for refining, at a price not reported. An import of Cumberland Harbor and one of box Sugars are storing for better prices.

TEAS—The market is inactive and exhibits no variation in prices.

TOBACCO—Sales to a limited extent at steady prices. A lot of 20 hhds. part unmerchantable, was sold at 7 cts. per lb.

WINES—By public sale a catalogue was offered and all disposed of.

WOOL—Demand still limited and the supplies are moderate, but increasing.

WHISKEY—Sales in bbls at 24 cts. in lots—hhds are in limited request at 22 a 22½ cts.—*North American.*

ALMANAC.

June, 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	6 17	
21 SUNDAY,	4 35	7 25	7 1	D. H. M.
22 MONDAY,	4 35	7 25	7 45	
23 TUESDAY,	4 35	7 25	8 39	
24 WEDNESDAY,	4 35	7 25	9 19	First 6 8 16
25 THURSDAY,	4 35	7 25	10 11	Full 14 9 49
26 FRIDAY,	4 35	7 25	11 8	Last 22 6 30
27 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	12 11	New 29 8 37

☞ Rev. THOMAS H. STOCKTON, will preach at the First Independent Church, Broad street below Chesnut, on Sabbath evening next, 21st inst. at quarter before 8 o'clock. After the sermon, a collection will be made, and subscriptions received, to aid in the erection of the FIRST METHODIST PROTESTANT CHAPEL, of which Mr. Stockton is Pastor—the Trustees and Session of the First Independent Church, having in the kindest manner, offered the use of their Church on this occasion.

MARRIED,

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, JOSEPH TRIMBLE, Jr. of Baltimore, to SARAH A. daughter of Armon Davis, of this city.

On the morning of the 10th inst. at Rural Hall, Baltimore county, by the Rev. S. P. Hill, Mr. T. M. DAVIS of Philadelphia, to Miss MIRIAM C. GAMBRILL, of the former place.

On Thursday morning 11th inst. by the Rev. C. J. Carter, THOMAS G. ARNOLD, to ELLEN, daughter of the late John McCormick, all of this city.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Daniel Devitt, MATTHEW W. AYLWIN, to CATHARINE JANE, eldest daughter of the late Andrew Craig, of New York.

On the 18th June, 1839, by the late Rev. Joseph Rusling, Mr. MATTHIAS T. FORD, to Miss SOPHIA M. IDLAN, all of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. KARSEN MUSICK, to Miss MARY BALL.

On Thursday evening, June 4th, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, EBENEZER NEAL, M. D. to Miss ELIZA E. DIXON, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, June 11th, by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, JAMES H. ORNE, to SALLY B. daughter of the late John O'Neill, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by Samuel Rush, Recorder, CALEB W. HALLOWELL, to MARY MORRIS TYSON.

At Cambridge, Maryland, on the morning of the 10th ult. by the Rev. James A. McKenny, ALBERT G. LEARY, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Chicago, Illinois, to VIRGINIA, youngest daughter of the late Henry Waggaman, M. D. of Dorchester county, Md.

In Wilmington, by the Rev. E. W. Gilbert, Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of George Jones, Esq. of that city.

In Reading, by the Rev. R. U. Morgan, J. PRINGLE JONES, Esq. to Miss ANNA MUHLENBERG, daughter of Dr. Isaac Hiester.

On Monday morning, 15th inst. by the Rev. William Suddards, JOSEPH A. INSLEE, to ELIZA S. JONES, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JONATHAN KENTON, of Frankford, to Mrs. JERUSHA RUSE, daughter of the late Thomas Harper, of this city.

At Marcus Hook, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Walker, Mr. JOS GRAHAM, to Miss MILLIAN RICHARDSON.

At Upper Chichester, by the same, on the 7th inst. Mr. JESSE ALBANY, to ADELAIDE WISE, all of Delaware county.

DIED,

On Monday afternoon, 15th inst. after a lingering illness, MATILDA, daughter of Abram and Sarah Hunter.

On Monday morning, 15th inst. at 9 o'clock, A. M. after a short but severe illness, Mr. SAMUEL W. SIQUELL, in the 21st year of his age.

On Sunday morning, 14th inst. after a short illness, SAMUEL M. WETHERILL, in the 39th year of his age.

In Bridgeton, N. J. on the 6th inst. DANIEL P. STRATTON, in the 59th year of his age.

At Caldwell, N. J. 2d inst. JACOB KENT, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 87 years. He has had by two wives, 20 children, (18 of whom are now living with their families,) 121 grand children, 126 great grand children, and 1 great great grand-child—making in all 268 direct descendants at the time of his death.—*Newark Eagle.*

On Thursday evening, June 11th, Mr. SAMUEL COLLINS, in the 47th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 11th inst. in the 14th year of his age, at the residence of his father, in Spruce street, JAMES W. youngest son of John Haviland.

At Wilmington, Del. on Wednesday, 10th inst. JAMES PRICE, Esq. President of the Union Bank of Delaware.

In the death of Mr. Price, the public generally have suffered a severe bereavement; he was an animating spirit in the business portion of this community: his activity, enterprise, talents, and experience gave him an elevation and influence which few men attain and exercise. A vacancy is created in the midst of us that cannot easily be filled; there was an excellency in his character, and an energy in his actions, which are worthy imitation; but not many men are capable of supplying the aching void which is made by his death.

On the 15th inst. Mr. ANDREW LONG, in the 58th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 15th inst. Miss ANN CLAYTON, aged 32 years, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Clayton.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. SARAH PHILLIPS, in the 82d year of her age.

On the 10th inst. CHRISTOPHER HARTLEY, at his residence in Moreland Township, aged 80 years.

On Tuesday, 16th inst. AGATHA, only daughter of Jas. C. and Catharine Schlachlager, aged three years and ten months.

At Geneva, Orleans county, N. York, on the 19th ult. Capt. SAMUEL ANGUS, formerly of the United States Navy, aged 56 years. He was born at Philadelphia, in 1784, and engaged in the service of his country at the age of 15, at a period when the ravages upon our commerce were most severe, and the prospects of the American Navy least encouraging.

Health Office, June 13, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.
From the 6th to the 13th June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Cancer of Mouth,	0	1	Brought over,	20	33
Casualty,	0	2	—Lungs,	1	4
Croup,	0	1	—Trachea,	0	1
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	Inflammation of Breast	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	12	1	—Liver,	1	0
Convulsions,	1	5	Jaundice,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	2	Marasmus,	0	2
Dropsy of the Head,	0	3	Measles,	0	2
—Heart,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	3	0
Disease of the Heart,	1	0	Poisoning,	1	0
—Liver,	1	0	Rupture of Blood Vessel,	0	1
Drowned,	0	2	Scrofula,	0	1
Debility,	1	5	Softening of Brain,	1	0
Fever, Catarrhal,	0	4	Small Pox,	0	2
—Remittent,	0	1	Still Born,	0	9
—Typhus,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	2	Summer Complaint,	0	2
Gangrene of Lungs,	1	0	Ulcers,	0	1
Whooping Cough,	0	1	Unknown,	0	1
Inflammation of Brain,	0	2	Uterine Hæmorrhage,	1	0
—Bronchi,	0	1			
			Total,	30	31
Carried over,	20	33			

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 12 people of color, and 2 from the country, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June	7,	58	56	54
	8,	57	63	71
	9,	60	69	69
	10,	68	73	77
	11,	73	79	84
	12,	77	83	80
	13,	80	84	82

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.—These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army* and *Navy*, and of *Hospitals* and *Almshouses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflamation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL and SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appropriate Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States. my 16—3m

TO TAILORS.—Mahan's Protractor and *Proof System of Garment Cutting* are published at the old stand, No. 215 Chesnut street. These Systems have a larger list of subscribers than any other published in the United States, and have become popular in England, and indeed wherever known. Below we publish two of many hundred certificates, which may be seen by calling at my office.

TERMS, &c.—$10 for the first, and $5 for each succeeding year, in advance. Case Rulers, an invention of F. M's $1.50 each. Plane Scale holders from $1 to $4 each. Protractors of Holly with metallic braces from $1 to $4 each. Scales on Bristol Board, varnished $1 per set. Illustrations of Fashions or Picture Plates, beautifully engraved and colored, published every spring and fall; Inch measures of a superior quality wholesale and retail.

N. B. Those already acquainted with the Protractor System will be charged but $5 per annum, from the commencement of their subscribing. F. MAHAN.

Lexington, Kentucky, Feb. 11th, 1840.

Mr. F. Mahan, Dear Sir, * * * * I had been a subscriber of Ward's, before I took yours, ever since 1830, but I must now say without any flattery, that you have done more for the improvement of the trade than any man living, or that has ever lived, notwithstanding that I was an unbeliever at first. Your's respectfully,
WILLIAM WILSON.

Millersburg, Penna. May 12th, 1840.

Mr. F. Mahan, Sir, * * * * I have made use of your System of Garment Cutting since last January, and find it, without doubt, to be far superior to Ward's. I have thrown Ward's aside, and have taken your System as a sure guide. Neater fitting Coats cannot be cut, or as neat by any other System that I have used or seen.

Your's respectfully,
Ja 6—3t HENRY WIERMAN.

HONESTY, candor, and truth has prevailed at last. Only let an honest reflecting man have time to reflect and the means of doing right, and if he has wronged you he will make amends if in his power to do so. The truth of the above remarks may be gathered from the many acknowledgments of persons formerly in error by having given Francis Mahan the credit and emolument justly due to Allen Ward. We have many acknowledgments like the recent communication of Mr. Wm. Deal to Francis Mahan.

I frankly acknowledge that I was in error when I gave you a certificate that your System was better than Ward's. During the five years that I used Ward's Drafts, I had never so fully attended to the instructions laid down by him in his work as since my appointment on the committee of investigation. But now, in the conscientious discharge of my duty, I am bound to say that to Ward belongs the credit of the System by which you cut the coats and usurpingly attached your name as author.

You ask if I have not said to different persons that Ward was not capable of making a correct draft, and that he could not cut a coat to fit? Answer. Whatever I may have thought or said inadvertently or otherwise on the subject, I am now convinced, by a subsequent investigation, and having seen garments of Mr. Ward's cut, that Mr. Ward is capable, and so is his skill in cutting, his success as a practical tailor puts to silence all doubts on that point. Can the same be said of Francis Mahan? The certificate which you call attention to as evidence of my former acknowledgment of your having a system of your own was written some years past, at a time when Mr. Ward allowed you to sell the system on commission, but since that time, Ward having revoked your privilege by virtue of his copy-right, I can no longer consider you authorised to attach your name to Ward's System.

Your challenge to Ward implies that you will use a system different from his, and if you shall succeed by means of said system, then you shall be considered the winner and the publisher of the best system for the use of Tailors. It is farcical to challenge and call a Committee to decide which of the two systems is the best, and the challenger then claim his opponent's system, having none of his own to exhibit for inspection. For the truth of the above remarks, I appeal to Mr. George W. Farr, Merchant Tailor, who was the first Chairman of the Committee, and to your own Certificate, in which you have acknowledged your self indebted to Mr. Ward for the use of his system; also to another Certificate which reads as follows:

Decision of the Committee.

The Committee of Master Tailors of the city of Philadelphia, appointed to investigate and report the best principles of Drafting, Cutting, Explaining and Publishing the various fashions and forms of clothing, beg leave to report that they have attended to that duty, by request of the parties concerned, and find that the system denominated "Ward's Patent Protractor System" is, in our opinion, the most scientific, and best calculated for the use of fashionable Tailors.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
of the firm of Browning & Everett. } Committee.
FRANCIS MAHAN.

N. B.—I have no desire to put you to the expense of hiring any more scribbling on my account.
ju 13—3t Yours, in haste, WM. DEAL.

SICKNESS.—There are many persons the we daily behold, whose countenance and frail trembling limbs denote affliction, which we find has principally originated from neglect of proper remedies. At first the patient complains of bile on the stomach, attended with sickness, costiveness, pain in the stomach after eating, &c. &c. He neglects to procure proper medicine—at length he complains of pain in the side, with sour and acid eructations; his appetite becomes impaired, his rest troublesome, his mind harassed, and all things around him appear not in their proper station. He still neglects himself when in all probability the disease may at length be so fast seated, that no medical aid will replace him again. At the first attack of sickness, there should be "no time lost" in procuring DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND APERIENT PILLS, which immediately remove bile from the stomach, obviate costiveness, remove disorders in the head, invigorate the mind, strengthen the body, improve the memory, and enliven the imagination; thus restoring the body again to its proper functions. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North Eighth Street.

THE SUPERIORITY OF DR. HARLICH'S PILLS over any other medicine that has ever been offered to the public, is, that they *Cleanse, Purify*, and *Strengthen*. These are important items, and their importance should not be overlooked. The system is liable, from improvidence and neglect, to accumulate bile, and a variety of Diseased Humors. To purge the system of these impurities should be early attended to. If it be neglected, the patient may be subjected to painful disease and protracted suffering. THE GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are admirably suited to this purpose—but more than this while they *Cleanse* the system they *purify* the blood, and assist Nature kindly in her operations. The COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PILLS give tone to the stomach, while they impart vigor to the whole nervous system; hence they are a desideratum, and no family should remain without them. In fact they are a sort of "Family Physician," but unlike the "school men"—for these pills may be safely consulted in *all* cases—they may be taken without injury in any—while they afford positive relief in many. We only ask for a fair trial of their merits, and are willing to abide the issue.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!—That troublesome and peace destroying disease—Thousands and tens of thousands suffer from that common and distressing complaint. Dyspepsia is frequently caused by overloading or distending the stomach by excessive eating or drinking, indigestible acrid substances taken into the stomach, or from long continued constipation of the bowels, a sedentary life, fear, grief, deep anxiety, a copious draft of cold water, drastic purgative medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and spasmodic affections of the stomach and bowels, irregular meals, late hours and too frequent use of spirituous liquors.

The symptoms of Dyspepsia may be described as a want of appetite, or an unnatural and voracious one, nausea and sometimes billious vomiting, sudden and transient distensions of the stomach after eating acid and putrescent eructations, water brash, pain in the region of the stomach, costiveness, palpitation of the heart, dizziness and dimness of the sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental despondency, flatulency, spasms, nervous irritability, chilliness, sallowness of complexion—great oppression after eating, languor and general debility, sick headache, &c.

CURE.—At the head of all remedies stands Dr. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, which act greatly upon the peristaltic motion of the intestines, thereby producing regularity of the bowels, at the same time improving the functions of the debilitated organs, thus invigorating and restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action. This medicine seldom fails in producing relief.

☞ Full and explicit directions accompanying the above medicine. Likewise a pamphlet which describes diseases, the manner of treating, &c.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States, No. 19 North EIGHTH street Philadelphia.

LIST OF AGENTS who sell *Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening Tonic and German Aperient Pills*:—

Pennsylvania.—Jesse Kerns, Westchester; John J. Zuber, Lancaster; Wm. Mathiott, Columbia; Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg; George Getz, Reading; John T. Werner, Pottsville; Henry Lamb, Wilkesbarre; A. B. Wilson, Berwick; Wm. Biddle, Danville; Henry Youthimer, Sunbury; John Sechold, New Berlin; John Murray, Milton; Willard & Drum, Williamsport; Burnside & Morris, Lockhaven; Henry Brokerhoff, Bellefont; Francis McClure, Lewistown; Jacob Miller, Huntington; Williams, Bingham & Co. Hollidaysburg; Geo. Rogers, Evansburg; Moorhead & Lowman, Indiana; John J. Meyers, Carlisle; Demutt & Bumgardner, York; Samuel Forney, Gettysburg; James R. Kirby, Chambersburg; Thomas Miller, Bedford; M. Tredwell & Co. Somerset; J. B. & R. B. Marsh, Washington; Randal McLaughlin, Greensburg; John Barclay, Beaver; S. Pennebaker, Mifflintown; F. Dobbs, Kittaning; David & Lane, Butler; J. B. Pearson, New Castle; Dr. James Maggoffin, Mercer; John McFarland, Meadville; O. Spafford, Erie; H. Lloyd, Darby; John Marquart, Lebanon; Samuel Smith, Doylestown; Bean & Schrack, Norristown; Mrs. Parker, Kensington; Wm. Peal, Shippensburg; H. Bright, Allentown; Josiah Hetirch, Easton.

Ohio.—James Clark, New Lisbon; G. A. Adams, Warren; S. Swift, Ravina; Strickland & Gaylord, Cleveland; C. O. Crary, Painesville; Henry Harris, Ashtabula; John Saxton, Canton; J. Chapin, New Philadelphia; J. A. Jones, Mt. Vernon; B. Briggs, Newark; Chester Maiton, Columbus; P. Cooney, Somerset; McCurdy, Caldwell & Co. Washington; James Turnbull, Steubenville; S. Bartly, Mansfield; D. Edwards, Dayton; S. Puterbaugh, Xenia; Fahnestock & Nigh, Lancaster; A. Lippett, Zanesville; Hanna & Bebee, Cadiz; Whiting & Kebourne, Springfield; M. & D. McDonald, Urbana; Amos Klock, Wooster; R. Putten, Marion; J. A. & A. C. Work, St. Clairsville; G. B. Binman, No. 2 Lower Market street, Cincinnati; J. Howell, Hamilton; J. Scott, Bucyrus.

Indiana.—D. P. Holloway, Richmond; Levis & Hobbs, Lawrenceburg; J. L. Mothershead, Indianapolis; George Hollins, Brookville; E. Flint, Terre Haute; L. Timms, Vincennes; Thos. January, New Albany.

Kentucky.—Wm. Jones, Louisville; J. C. Noble, Lexington; J. F. Tanner & Co. Shelbyville; Lyle & Walker, Paris.

Virginia.—Wm. Harper Romney; Clark & Windle, Winchester; E. Waste, Charltsville; J. C. Swan, Petersburg; S. T. Bancley, Richmond; Rheuben T. Thorn, Fredericksburg; Geo. E. Yeatman, Warrington; John Sanders, Leesburg; Charles D. Kilham, Harpers Ferry; John I. H. Strath, Charlestown.

Maryland.—Jonathan Butler, Cumberland; A. H. Hunt, Frederick; S. McComas, Hagerstown; Robert Farnham, Washington, D. C.; John I. Sayn, Alexandria, D. C.; S. G. Cook, No. 3 N. Gay Street, Baltimore.

New Jersey.—Francis Woolman, Burlington; G. Coppeck, Mount Holly; Moses Miele, Woodbury; G. H. Hopking, Newark.

New York.—George Hopkins, No. 44, Division street.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States is at N. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. Many original certificates of cures may be seen; also, addresses of various persons, all of which have been cured or benefitted by the above medicines. Those who doubt the efficacy of the medicine are respectfully invited to call and obtain the address of persons and satisfy themselves before they purchase. my 9—3m

Philadelphia, May, 1840.

TO DAVID EVANS, No. 76 South Second street—My Dear Sir—In regard to your most excellent cooler of water, and preserver of meats, butter, &c. I have been much pleased—its combination of utility and economy warrants me in testifying to its real worth—as a preserver of meats and vegetables for several days, (far beyond the usual period in warm weather, of keeping those articles in a perfect state of freshness) and the great pleasure to be derived from a drink of filtered cold water, pure and as transparent as fresh from the spring, is the incentive that has prompted me to pronounce it an invaluable discovery, considering at the same time its economical advantages and its healthful tendencies.

You are perhaps not aware of my having lived the majority of my life in the country, where we used nothing but pure spring water, with the advantage of an ice house, having, however, the use of your refrigerator, we view it in the light of an ice house in miniature, deriving at the same time, from the cooler, water as pure and delightful as spring water, which causes us entirely to forget those luxuries. It is so much valued by Mrs. R. that nothing could induce her to dispense with its use.

Yours, respectfully,
june 6—3t GEORGE W. RITER.

TEACHER WANTED.—A gentleman in a pleasant and healthy location, about fifty miles from Philadelphia, is desirous of engaging a gentleman of the requisite qualifications to instruct a few pupils in a private family. Good references will be required. For further particulars apply at No. 260 Arch street.
June 5th, 1840. ja 6—3t

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.

No. 24 North Fourth st. near the Merchants Hotel.

Public Sales—Every Evening. Comprising Hardware—Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Combs, Whips, Saddlery, Stationary, Watches, Jewellery, Fancy Articles, &c. &c.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

CARD.—Those having Stocks of Goods, Merchandise, and Effects of Deceased Persons to dispose of, will have every facility afforded them in realizing the ready Cash.

*** Appraisements made Gratis.

N. B.—Out-door Sales of *Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c.* promptly attended to on reasonable terms. Apply at the Auction Store. my 16—6m

THE

CASKET,

AND

PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS!

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

THE great increase in the subscription list of the Casket, which has been nearly doubled since the commencement of the last volume, warrants the most extensive improvements on the first of July, 1840—at which time a new volume will be commenced with increasing vigor. Nothing need be said of the firm basis on which the Casket stands, it being already the oldest magazine in the country, and has maintained its popularity in the face of all opposition. It is to be found upon the centre table of families making literary pretensions, from Maine to Georgia.

TYPE—EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Casket is printed with a clear and beautiful type upon the finest white paper. The illustrations are NOT SURPASSED BY THOSE OF ANY PERIODICAL at home or abroad; and beside the monthly steel engravings, a quarterly plate of colored fashions has lately been added. The style of these embellishments is unequalled, and they are always accompanied with an appropriate sketch. No wood cuts disgrace the work. WHATEVER APPEARS IN THE CASKET IS OF THE FIRST ORDER OF ART.

The volume will be opened with the first of a series of splendid Mezzotint engravings, prepared expressly for the work, by the burin of Sartain, who deservedly stands as the best engraver of the kind in the United States.

LITERARY CHARACTER.

The literary character of the Casket is well known. It is wholly original, of the highest order, and sustained by WRITERS OF THE FIRST RANK. Essays, Tales, Sketches, and Travels, compose its prominent prose articles; while the poetry is equalled by that of no other magazine of like character. The variety for which the Casket is celebrated, shall suffer no diminution; but on the contrary, every exertion shall be made to increase its interest.

Several Romances of the Revolution

have already appeared, and others shall follow in the course of the volume, presenting, when finished a complete picture of the manners, and a historical account o the great battles of that time. Thus, the Casket, instead of being filled with sickly sentimentalities, aims at a true delineation of human nature in every variety of passion.

The series of thrilling Nautical Sketches, entitled "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," and which are rated by the cotemporary press, equal to the celebrated Sketches from "Tom Cringle's Log," will be continued, and the "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO," which have attained a deserved celebrity, will still furnish attraction to the Magazine.

We shall furnish the readers of the Casket with some valuable papers from entirely new contributors. "*The Author of* OLD IRON SIDES OFF A LEE SHORE," will give the first of a number of Sketches in the July number. We count upon his prolific and graceful pen to do much in maintaining the great popularity of the Magazine. In addition to the variety already embraced in the pages of the Magazine, our "SYRIAN LETTERS," the first of which appeared in the June number as introductory, will interest, and add worth to its pages. They are from no unpractised pen.

FASHIONS.

The fashions are published in the Casket quarterly, or as often as any really new styles arrive from Paris. THE ENGRAVINGS ARE COLORED, AND EXECUTED FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS. No old, worn-out plates are re-touched, and then published as the LATEST fashions. The truth of our designs may be tested by comparing them with the latest description of dresses from London and Paris. They are universally admitted to be the finest specimen of engraving and coloring afforded by any Magazine in this country. The expense of getting them up is great, but we shall in no-wise abate the quality. Remember! *The readers of the Casket are furnished with these fashion plates* AS AN EXTRA. They do not interfere with the regular, and choice engravings, which always accomplish the work.

TIME OF PUBLICATION.

The Casket is published on the first of the month in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscriber consequently receives it on that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia. In all the principal cities agents have been established, by which means subscribers in the vicinity can obtain their copies free of postage.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS *per annum*. *Or two Copies* yearly for FIVE DOLLARS, *invariably in advance, post paid. No new subscriber received without the money, or the name of a responsible agent.*

Editors who may copy this Prospectus, and will send a copy, *marked with ink*, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, (which will save the publisher the postage on newspapers) shall be promptly furnished with the work. To be particular in this matter, we should like a copy of the paper *marked*, to be sent more than once, that no mistake or delay may occur. Editors are served with the Magazine *from the time the advertisement is inserted*. We mention this as many inserted the advertisement at the close of the last volume, and expected all the back numbers. This of course we could not be expected to grant.

Published by GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
my 30 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 165 North Second st. between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Heddles, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (both Sheet and Filling) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, Coverlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c.
my 2—6m

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS ARE A PURGATIVE MEDICINE so justly balanced, and withal so natural to the human constitution, that they cannot possibly injure even the most delicate; at the same time, if used in such a manner as to produce free evacuations by the bowels, and repeated a few times, it will be absolutely impossible for pain or distress of any kind to continue in the body. A single twenty five cent box of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills will, in all cases, give relief, sometimes even beyond the power of words to describe, and if persevered in for a short time, there is not a malady in the whole catalogue of human ills that can possibly withstand their astonishing and wonderful influence.

The Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for

COSTIVENESS;

because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels of those morbid and corrupt humors which paralyze and weaken the digestive organs, and, are the cause of headach, nausea and sickness, palpitation of the heart, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other unpleasant symptoms.

In all disordered motions of the blood, called Intermittent, Remittent, Nervous, Inflammatory and Putrid

FEVERS,

The Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a certain remedy; because they cleanse the Stomach and Bowels of all bilious matter, and purify the blood; consequently, as they remove the cause of every kind of disease, they are absolutely certain to cure every kind of Fever.

So, also, when morbid humors are deposited upon the membrane and muscle, causing those pains, inflammations and swellings, called RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

The Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persevered with will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, completely rid the body of all morbid and corrupt humors; and rheumatism, gout, and pain of every description, will disappear as if by magic.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and those humors which should pass off the skin, are thrown inwardly, causing headach, nausea and sickness, pains in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumption, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of

CATCHING A COLD,

The Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. Three or four Pills, taken at night on going to bed, and repeated a few times, will remove all the above unpleasant symptoms and restore the body to even sounder health than it was before. The same may be said of *difficulty of breathing*, or

ASTHMA.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those tough phlegmy humors which stop up the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause of the above dreadful complaint.

It should also be remembered that the Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to remove pain in the side, oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of

LIVER COMPLAINT;

Because they purge from the body those corrupt and stagnant humors, which, when deposited upon the liver, are the cause of the above dangerous complaint. They are also a certain preventative of

APOPLEXY AND SUDDEN DEATH;

Because they carry off those humors, which, obstructing the circulation, are the cause of a rush, or determination of the blood to the head, giddiness—especially on turning suddenly round—blindness, drowsiness, loss of memory, inflammation of the brain, insanity, and every other disorder of the mind.

ONE WORD TO THE SEDENTARY.

Those who labor within doors should remember that they frequently breathe an atmosphere which is wholly unfit for the proper expansion of the lungs, and, at the same time, owing to want of exercise, the bowels are not sufficiently evacuated, the blood becomes impure, and headach, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and many other disagreeable symptoms are sure to follow.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

Being a Cleanser of the Stomach and Bowels, and a DIRECT PURIFIER of the Blood, are certain not only to remove pain, or distress of every kind from the body, but if used occasionally, so as to keep the body free from those humors which are the CAUSE OF EVERY MALADY UNDER HEAVEN, they will most assuredly promote such a just and equal circulation of the blood, that those who lead a sedentary life will be enabled to enjoy sound health, and DISEASE OF ANY KIND WILL BE ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE.

Agents for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. (*Indian Purgative.*)
John Zimmerman, *Lancaster*.
Henry Fress, (grocer,) *Germantown*.
James Hagan, (grocer,) *Norristown*.
William Bell, (grocer,) *Harrisburg*.
P. A. & S. Small, (merchants,) *York*.
Joseph Gooding, *Trenton, N.J.*

OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. my 9—3m

To Lydia.

I know thee in thy youthful hours,
A being wild and free,
As pure as dew upon the flowers,
Or perfume from the tree.
Thy step more light than the gazelle's,
As dream-like thy repose,
Upon thy cheeks the blushes dwell,
Like sun-light on the rose.

The eye with sunny glances breathes,
A charm where'er 'tis own,
And beauteous ones in gladsome wreaths,
A chaplet for their Queen.
Thy star-lit brow in brightness vies,
With those that rule the night,
Pure as the tints of summer skies,
Bathed in their purple light.

Years sped—I saw thee once again,
No cloud was on that brow,
Nor darkling lines of care or pain,
Were traced around thee now.
As wild and careless was thy glee,
As gladsome was thy mirth,
Thy airy form scarce seem'd to be
A creature of the earth.

She stood in womanhood like one,
Born 'neath some favored star,
The empress of a fairy throne,
In every-land afar.
Apart—she heeds not of the throng,
That eye scarce kindles then,
Her voice the echo of some song,
That murmur'd in the glen.

Some happy one may wake that glance,
Bright as the morning beam,
May breathe the magic of that trance,
The sweetness of that dream;
May win the treasure of that heart,
The home of love and truth,
And for a time may bring thee back,
The visions of thy youth.

Philadelphia, 1840. S. H.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Clock.

CHAPTER I.

As we were going up stairs, Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles which he had held in his hand hitherto; arranged his neckerchief, smoothed down his waistcoat, and made many other little preparations of that kind which men are accustomed to be mindful of, when they are going among strangers for the first time and are anxious to impress them pleasantly. Seeing that I smiled, he smiled too, and said that if it had occurred to him before he left home, he would certainly have presented himself in pumps and silk stockings.

"I would indeed, my dear sir," he said very seriously; "I would have shown my respect for the society, by laying aside my gaiters."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that they would have regretted your doing so, very much, for they are quite attached to them."

"No, really!" cried Mr. Pickwick with manifest pleasure. "Do you think they care about my gaiters? Do you seriously think that they identify me at all with my gaiters?"

"I am sure they do," I replied.

"Well now," said Mr. Pickwick, "that is one of the most charming and agreeable circumstances that could possibly have occurred to me!"

I should not have written down this short conversation, but that it developed a slight point in Mr. Pickwick's character, with which I was not previously acquainted. He has a secret pride in his legs. The manner in which he spoke, and the accompanying glance he bestowed upon his tights, convince me that Mr. Pickwick regards his legs with much innocent vanity.

"But here are our friends," said I, opening the door and taking his arm in mine; "let them speak for themselves. Gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick and I must have been a good contrast just then. I leaning quietly on my crutch-stick with something of a care-worn, patient air; he having hold of my arm, and bowing in every direction with the most elastic politeness, and an expression of face whose sprightly cheerfulness and good humor knew no bounds. The difference between us must have been more striking yet as we advanced toward the table, and the amiable gentleman, adapting his jocund steps to my poor tread, had his attention divided between treating my infirmities with the utmost consideration, and affecting to be wholly unconscious that I required any.

I had made him personally known to each of my friends in turn. First, to the deaf gentleman, whom he regarded with much interest, and accosted with great frankness and cordiality. He had evidently some vague idea, at the moment, that my friend being deaf must be dumb also; for when the latter opened his lips to express the pleasure it afforded him to know a gentleman of whom he had heard so much, Mr. Pickwick was so extremely disconcerted that I was obliged to step in to his relief.

His meeting with Jack Redburn was quite a treat to see. Mr. Pickwick smiled, and shook hands, and looked at him through his spectacles, and under them, and over them, and nodded his head approvingly, and then nodded to me, as much as to say, "this is just the man; you were quite right," and then turned to Jack and said a few hearty words, and then did and said every thing over again with unimpaired vivacity. As to Jack himself, he was quite as much delighted with Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Pickwick could possibly be with him. Two people, never can have met together since the world began, who exchanged a warmer or more enthusiastic greeting.

It was amusing to observe the difference between this encounter, and that which succeeded, between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Miles. It was clear that the latter gentleman viewed our new member as a kind of rival in the affections of Jack Redburn, and besides this, he had more than once hinted to me, that he did consider that some of his exploits were unbecoming a gentleman of his years and gravity. Over and above these grounds of distrust, it is one of his fixed opinions that the law cannot possibly do any thing wrong; he therefore looks upon Mr. Pickwick as one who has justly suffered in purse and peace for a breach of his plighted faith to an unprotected female, and holds that he is called upon to regard him with some suspicion on that account. These causes led to a rather cold and formal reception; which Mr. Pickwick acknowledged with the same stateliness and intense politeness as was displayed on the other side. Indeed he assumed an air of such majestic defiance that I was fearful he might break out into some solemn protest or declaration, and therefore inducted him into his chair without a moment's delay.

This piece of generalship was perfectly successful. The instant he took his seat, Mr. Pickwick surveyed us all with a most benevolent aspect, and was taken with a fit of smiling full five minutes long. His interest in our ceremonies was immense. They are not very numerous or complicated, and a description of them may be comprised in very few words. As our transactions have already been, and must necessarily continue to be, more or less anticipated by being presented in these pages at different times and under various forms, they do not require a detailed account.

Our first proceeding when we are assembled, is, to shake hands all round, and greet each other with cheerful and pleasant looks. Remembering that we assemble, not only for the promotion of our own happiness, but with the view of adding something to the common stock, an air of langor or indifference in any member of our body would be regarded by the others as a kind of treason. We have never had an offender in this respect; but if we had, there is no doubt that he would be taken to task, pretty severely.

Our salutation over, the venerable piece of antiquity from which we take our name is wound up in silence. This ceremony is always performed by Master Humphrey himself, (in treating of the club, I may be permitted to assume the historical style, and speak of myself in the third person,) who mounts upon a chair for the purpose, armed with a large key. While it is in progress, Jack Redburn is required to keep at the farther end of the room under the guardianship of Mr. Miles, for he is known to entertain certain aspiring and unhallowed thoughts connected with the clock, and has even gone so far as to state that if he might take the works out for a day or two, he thinks he could improve them.

We pardon him his presumption in consideration of his good intentions, and his keeping this respectful distance, which last penalty is insisted on, lest by secretly wounding the object of our regard in some tender point, in the ardor of his zeal for its improvement, he should fill us all with dismay and consternation.

The regulation afforded Mr. Pickwick the highest delight, and seemed, if possible, to exalt Jack in his good opinion.

The next ceremony is the opening of the clock-case (of which Master Humphrey has likewise the key,) the taking from it as many papers as will furnish forth our evening's entertainment, and arranging in the recess such new contributions as have been provided since our last meeting. This is always done with peculiar solemnity. The deaf gentleman then fills and lights his pipe, and we once more take our seats round the table before mentioned, Master Humphrey acting as president—if we can be said to have any president, where all are on the same social footing—and our friend Jack as secretary. Our preliminaries being now concluded, we fall into any train of conversation that happens to suggest itself, or proceed immediately to one of our readings. In the latter case, the paper selected is consigned to Master Humphrey, who flattens it carefully on the table and makes dog's ears in the corner of every page, ready for turning over easily; Jack Redburn trims the lamp with a small machine of his own invention which usually puts it out; Mr. Miles looks on with great approval notwithstanding; the deaf gentleman draws in his chair, so that he can follow the words on the paper or on Master Humphrey's lips, as he pleases; and Master Humphrey himself, looking round with mighty gratification and glancing up at his clock, begins to read aloud.

Mr. Pickwick's face while his tale was being read would have attracted the attention of the dullest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and fore-finger as he gently beat time and corrected the air with the imaginary punctuation, the smile that mantled on his features at every jocose passage, and the sly look he stole around to observe its effect, the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description, the changing expression with which he acted the dialogue to himself, his agony that the deaf gentleman should know what it was all about, and his extraordinary anxiety to correct the reader when he hesitated at a word in the manuscript or substituted a wrong one, were alike worthy of remark. And when at last, after endeavoring to communicate with the deaf gentleman by means of the finger alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilized or savage language, he took up a slate and wrote in large text, one word in a line, the question, "How—do—you—like it?"—when he did this, and handing it over the table, awaited the reply, with a countenance only brightened and improved by his great excitement, even Mr. Miles relaxed, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favor.

"It has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, who had watched Mr. Pickwick and every body else with silent satisfaction, "it has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, taking his pipe from his lips, "that now is our time for filling our only empty chair."

As our conversation had naturally turned upon our vacant seat, we lent a willing ear to the remark, and looked at our old friend inquiringly.

"I feel sure," said he, "that Mr. Pickwick must be acquainted with somebody who would be an acquisition to us; that he must know the man we want. Pray let us not lose any time, but set this question at rest. Is it so, Mr. Pickwick?"

The gentleman addressed was about to return a verbal reply, but remembering our friend's infirmity he substituted for this kind of answer some fifty nods. Then taking up the slate and printing on it a gigantic "Yes," he handed it across the table, and rubbing his hands as he looked round upon our faces, protested that he and the deaf gentleman quite understood each other already.

"The person I have in my mind," said Mr. Pickwick, "and whom I should not have presumed to mention to you until some time hence, but for the opportunity you have given me, is a very strange old man. His name is Bamber."

"Bamber!" said Jack, "I have certainly heard the name before."

"I have no doubt then," returned Mr. Pickwick, "that you remember him in those adventures of mine (the Posthumous Papers of our old club, I mean) although he is only incidentally mentioned; and if I remember right, appears but once."

"That's it," said Jack. "Let me see. He is the person who has a grave interest in the old mouldy chambers and the Inns of court, and relates some anecdotes having reference to his favorite theme—and an old ghost story—is that the man?"

"The very same. Now," said Mr. Pickwick, lowering his voice to a mysterious and confidential tone, "he is a very extraordinary and remarkable person; living, and talking, and looking, like some strange spirit, whose delight is to haunt old buildings; and absorbed in that one subject which you have just mentioned, to an extent which is quite wonderful. When I retired into private life, I sought him out, and I do assure you that the more I see of him, the more strongly I am impressed with the strange and dreamy character of his mind."

"Where does he live?" I inquired.

"He lives," said Mr. Pickwick, "in one of those dull, lonely old places with which his thoughts and stories are all connected; quite alone, and often shut up close, for several weeks together. In this dusty solitude, he broods upon the fancies he has so long indulged, and when he goes into the world, or any body from the world without goes to see him, they all present to his mind and still his favorite topic. I may say, I believe, that he has brought himself to entertain a regard for me, and an interest in my visits; feelings which I am certain he would extend to Master Humphrey's Clock if he were once tempted to join us. All I wish you to understand is, that he is a strange deluded visionary, in the world but not of it; and as unlike anybody here as he is unlike anybody elsewhere, that ever I have met, or known."

Mr. Miles received this account of our proposed companion with rather a wry face, and after murmuring that perhaps he was a little mad, inquired if he were rich.

"I never asked him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You might know, Sir, for all that," retorted Mr. Miles, sharply.

"Perhaps so, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, no less sharply than the other, "but I do not. Indeed," he added, relapsing into his usual mildness, "I have no means of judging. He lives poorly, but that would seem to be in keeping with his character. I never heard him allude to his circumstances, and never fell into the society of any man who had the slightest acquaintance with them. I really have told you all I know about him, and it rests with you to say whether you wish to know more, or know quite enough already."

We were unanimously of opinion that we would seek to know more; and as a sort of compromise with Mr. Miles, (who although he said "yes—oh certainly—he should like to know more about the gentleman—he had no right to put himself in opposition to the general wish"—and so forth, shook his head doubtfully and hemmed several times with peculiar gravity,) it was arranged that Mr. Pickwick should carry me with him on an evening visit to the subject of our discussion, for which purpose an early appointment between that gentleman and myself was immediately agreed upon; it being understood that I was to act on my own responsibility, and invite him to join us, or not, as I might think proper. This solemn question determined, we returned to the clock-case, (where we have been forestalled by the reader,) and between its contents, and the conversation they occasioned, the remainder of our time passed very quickly.

When we broke up, Mr. Pickwick took me aside, to tell me that he had spent a most delightful evening. Having made this communication with an air of the strictest secrecy, he took Jack Redburn into another corner to tell him the same, and then retired into another corner with the deaf gentleman, and the slate to repeat his assurance. It was amusing to observe the contest in his mind, whether he should extend his confidence to Mr. Miles, or treat him with dignified reserve. Half a dozen times he stepped back again without saying a word; at last, when he was close at that gentleman's ear and upon the very point of whispering something conciliating and agreeable, Mr. Miles happened suddenly to turn his head, upon which Mr. Pickwick skipped away, with some fierceness, "Good night, Sir—I was about to say good night, Sir—nothing more;" and so made a bow and left him.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when he got down stairs.

"All right, Sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold hard, Sir, right arm fust—now the left—now one strong convulsion and the great coat's on, Sir."

Mr. Pickwick acted upon these directions, and being farther assisted by Sam who pulled at one side of the collar, and the elder Mr. Weller, who pulled hard at the other, was speedily enrobed. Mr. Weller, senior, then produced a full sized table lantern which he had carefully deposited in a remote corner, on his arrival and inquired whether Mr. Pickwick would have "the lamps alight."

"I think not to-night," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Then if this here lady will per-mit," rejoined Mr. Weller, "we'll leave it here ready for next journey. This here lantern mum," said Mr. Weller, handing it to the house-keeper, "vunce belonged to the celebrated Bill Blinder as is now at grass, as all on us vill be in our turns. Bill, mum, wos the hostler as had charge o' them two vell known piebald leaders that run in the Bristol fast coach, and vould never go to no other tune but a southerly vind and a cloudy sky, which they wos consekvently played incessant, by the guard, whenever they wos on duty. He wos took wery bad one arternoon, arter having been off his feed, and wery shaky on his legs for some veeks; and he says to the mate, 'Matey,' he says, 'I think I'm goin' the wrong side o' the post, and that my foot's wery near the bucket. Don't say I a'nt,' he says, 'for I know I am, and don't let me be interrupted,' he says, 'for I've saved a little money, and I'm a-goin' into the stable to make my last vill and testymint. 'I'll take care as nobody interrups you,' says his mate, 'but you on'y hold up your head, and shake your ears a bit, and you're good for twenty years to come.' Bill Binder makes him no answer, but he goes avay into the stable, and there he soon arterward lays himself down a'tween the two piebalds, and dies,—previously a-writin' outside the corn-chest, 'This is the last vill and testymint of Villiam Binder.' They wos nat'rally wery much amazed at this and arter looking among the litter, and up in the loft, and vere not, they opens the corn-chest, and finds that he'd been and chalked his vill inside the lid; so the lid was obligated to be took off the hinges, and sent up to Doctor's Commons to be proved, and under that ere wery instrument this here lantern was passed to Tony Veller, vich circumstance, mum, gives it a wally in my eyes, and makes me rek-vest, if you vill be so kind, as to take particular care on it."

The housekeeper graciously promised to keep the object of Mr. Weller's regard in the safest possible custody, and Mr. Pickwick, with a laughing face, took his leave. The bodyguard followed, side by side: old Mr. Weller buttoned and wrapped up from his boots to his chin; and Sam followed with his hands in his pockets and his hat half on his head, remonstrating with his father, as he went, on his extreme loquacity.

I was not a little surprised, on turning to go up stairs, to encounter the barber in the passage at that late hour; for his attendance is usually confined to some half-hour in the morning. But Jack Redburn, who finds out (by instinct, I think) everything that happens in the house, informed me with great glee, that a society in imitation of our own had been that night formed in the kitchen, under the title of "Mr. Weller's Watch," of which the barber was a member; and that he could pledge himself to find means of making me acquainted with the whole of its future proceedings, which I begged him, both on my account and that of my readers, by no means to neglect doing.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF MASTER HUMPHREY.

Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home early in the morning, and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together, but saving in the country I seldom go out until after dark, though, Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth, as much as any creature living.

I have fallen insensibly into this habit, both because it favors my infirmity, and because it affords me greater opportunity of speculating on the characters and occupations of those who fill the streets. The glare and hurry of broad noon are not adapted to idle pursuits like mine; a glimpse of passing faces caught by the light of a street lamp or a shop window is often better for my purpose than their full revelation in the daylight, and, if I must add the truth, night is kinder in this respect than day, which too often destroys an air-built castle at the moment of its completion, without the smallest ceremony or remorse.

That constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glossy—is it not a wonder how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear to hear it? Think of a sick man in such a place as Saint Martin's court, listening to the footsteps, and in the midst of pain and weariness obliged, despite himself, (as though it were a task he must perform) to detect the child's step from the man's, the slipshod beggar from the booted exquisite, the lounging from the busy, the dull heel of the sauntering outcast from the quick tread of an expectant pleasure-seeker—think of the hum and noise being always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on, through all his restless dreams, as if he were condemned to lie dead, but conscious, in a noisy churchyard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come.

Then the crowds for ever passing and repassing on the bridges (on those which are free of toll at least) where many stop on fine evenings looking listlessly down upon the water, with some vague idea that by and by it runs between green banks which grow wider and wider, until at last it joins the broad vast sea—where some halt to rest from heavy loads, and think as they look over the parapet that to smoke and lounge away one's life, and lie sleeping in the sun upon a hot tarpaulin, in a dull, slow, sluggish barge, must be happiness unalloyed, and where some, and a very different class, pause with heavier loads than they, remembering to have heard or read in some old time that drowning was not a hard death, but of all means of suicide the easiest and best.

Covent Garden Market at sunrise too, in the spring or summer, when the fragrance of sweet flowers is in the air, overpowering even the unwholesome streams of last night's debauchery, and driving the dusky thrush, whose cage has hung outside a garret window all night long, half mad with joy! Poor bird! the only neighboring things at all akin to the other little captives, some of whom, shrinking from the hot hands of drunken purchasers, lie drooping on the path already, while others, soddened by close contact, await the time when they shall be watered and freshened up to please more sober company, and make old clerks who pass them on their road to business, wonder what has filled their breasts with visions of the country.

But my present purpose is not to expatiate upon my walks, for I have an adventure to relate; it arose out of one of these rambles, and thus I have been led to speak of them by way of preface.

One night I had roamed into the city, and was walking slowly on in my usual way, musing upon a great many things, when I was arrested by an inquiry, the purport of which did not reach me, but which seemed to be addressed to myself, and was preferred in a soft-sweet voice that struck me very pleasantly. I turned hastily round and found at my elbow a pretty little girl, who begged to be directed to a certain street at a considerable distance, and indeed in quite another quarter of the town.

"It is a very long way from here," said I, "my child."

"I know that, sir," she replied timidly. "I am afraid it is a very long way, for I came from there to-night."

"Alone?" said I, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes, I don't mind that; but I am a little frightened now, for I have lost my road."

"And what made you ask it of me? Suppose I should tell you wrong."

"I am sure you will not do that," said the little creature; "you are such a very old gentleman, and walk so slow yourself."

I cannot describe how much I was impressed by this appeal and the energy with which it was made, which brought a tear into the child's clear eye, and made her slight figure tremble as she looked up into my face.

"Come," said I, "I'll take you there."

She put her hand in mine as confidingly as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together; the little creature accommodating her pace to mine, and rather seeming to lead and take care of me than I to be protecting her. I observed that every now and then she stole a curious look at my face, as if to make quite sure that I was not deceiving her, and that these glances (very sharp and keen they were too) seemed to increase her confidence at every repetition.

For my part, my curiosity and interest were at least equal to the child's, for child she certainly was, although I thought it probable from what I could make out, that her very small and delicate frame imparted a peculiar youthfulness to her appearance. Though more scantily attired than she might have been, she was dressed with perfect neatness, and betrayed no marks of poverty or neglect.

"Who has sent you so far by yourself?" said I.

"Somebody who is very kind to me, sir."

"And what have you been doing?"

"That, I must not tell," said the child firmly.

There was something in the manner of this reply which caused me to look at the little creature with an involuntary expression of surprise; for I wondered what kind of errand it might be that occasioned her to be prepared for questioning. Her quick eye seemed to read my thoughts, for as it met mine she added that there was no harm in what she had been doing, but it was a great secret—a secret which she did not even know herself.

This was said with no appearance of cunning or deceit, but with an unsuspicious frankness that bore the impress of truth. She walked on as before, growing more familiar with me as we proceeded, and talking cheerfully by the way; but she said no more about her home, beyond remarking that we were going quite a new road, and asking if it were a short one.

While we were thus engaged, I revolved in my mind a hundred different explanations of the riddle, and rejected them every one. I really felt ashamed to take advantage of the ingenuousness or grateful feeling of the child for the purpose of gratifying my curiosity. I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us. As I had felt pleased at first by her confidence, I determined to deserve it, and to do credit to the nature which had prompted her to repose it in me.

There was no reason, however, why I should refrain from seeing the person who had inconsiderately sent her to so great a distance by night and alone; and as it was not improbable that if she found herself near home, she might take farewell of me and deprive me of the opportunity, I avoided the most frequented ways and took the most intricate,—and thus it was not until we arrived in the street itself, that she knew where we were. Clapping her hands with pleasure and running on before me, for a short distance, my little acquaintance stopped at a door, and remaining on the step till I came up, knocked at it when I joined her.

A part of this door was glass unprotected by any shutter, which I did not observe at first, for all was very dark and silent within, and I was anxious (as indeed the child was also) for an answer to our summons. When she had knocked twice or thrice, there was a noise as if some person was moving inside, and at length a faint light appeared through the glass, which, as it approached very slowly, the bearer having to make his way through a great many scattered articles, enabled me to see both what kind of person it was who advanced and what kind of place it was through which he came.

It was a little old man with long grey hair, whose face and figure, as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, I could plainly see. Though much altered by age, I fancied I could recognise in his spare and slender form something of that delicate mould which I had noticed in the child. Their bright blue eyes were certainly alike; but his face was so deeply furrowed and so very full of care, that here all resemblance ceased.

The place through which he made his way at leisure, was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armor here and there, fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china and wood and iron and ivory: tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams. The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place; he might have groped among old churches and tombs and deserted houses, and gathered all the spoils with his own hands. There was nothing in the whole collection but what was in keeping with himself; nothing that looked older or more worn than he.

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as grandfather and told him the little story of our companionship.

"Why bless thee child," said the old man, patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way—what if I had lost thee, Nell!"

"I would have found my way back to you, grandfather," said the child boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her, and then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire, "how can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grand-child another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice, "more care of Nelly! why who ever loved a child as I love Nell?"

He said this with such evident surprise that I was perplexed what answer to make, and the more so because coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought which convinced me that he could not be, as I had at first been inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage or imbecility.

"I don't think you consider"—I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me, "I don't consider her! ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

It would be impossible for any man, I care not what his form of speech might be, to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did, in these four words. I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand and shaking his head twice or thrice fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus in silence, the door of the closet opened, and the child returned, her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper, and while she was thus engaged I remarked that the old man took an opportunity of observing me more closely than he had done yet. I was surprised to see that all this time everything was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"It always grieves me," I observed, roused by what I took to be his selfishness, "it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity—two of the best qualities that Heaven gives them—and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

"It will never check hers," said the old man, looking steadily at me, "the springs are too deep. Besides, the children of the poor know but few pleasures. Even the cheap delights of childhood must be bought and paid for."

"But—forgive me for saying this—you are surely not so very poor"—said I.

"She is not my child, sir," returned the old man. "Her mother was, and she was poor. I save nothing—not a penny—though I live as you see, but"—he laid his hand upon my arm and leant forward to whisper, "She shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help. She gives it cheerfully as you see, and it would break her heart if she knew that I suffered anybody else to do for me what her little hands could undertake. I don't consider!"—he cried with sudden querulousness, "why, God knows that this one child is the thought and object of my life, and yet he never prospers me—no, never."

At this juncture, the subject of our conversation again returned, and the old man motioning to me to approach the table, broke off, and said no more.

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell bursting into a hearty laugh, which I was rejoiced to hear, for it was childlike and full of hilarity, said it was no doubt dear old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit."

The child laughed again more heartily than before, and I could not help smiling from pure sympathy. The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back, Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shock-headed shambling awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the door-way, looking into the parlor with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld. I entertained a grateful feeling toward the boy from that minute, for I felt that he was the comedy of the child's life.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable way of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. I think he would have amused one anywhere, but the child's exquisite enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find that there was something she associated with merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite irresistible. It was a great point too that Kit himself was flattered by the sensation he created, and after several efforts to preserve his gravity, burst into a loud roar, and so stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man had again relapsed into his former abstraction and took no notice of what passed, but I remarked that when her laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fulness of heart with which she welcomed her uncouth favorite after the little anxiety of the night. As for Kit himself, (whose laugh had been all the time one of that sort which very little would change into a cry) he carried a large slice of bread and meat and a mug of beer into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them with great voracity.

"Ah!" said the old man turning to me with a sigh as if I had spoken to him but that moment, "you don't know what you say when you tell me that I don't consider her."

"You must not attach too great weight to a remark founded on first appearance, my friend," said I.

"No," returned the old man thoughtfully, "no. Come hither Nell."

The little girl hastened from her seat, and put her arm about his neck.

"Do I love thee, Nell?" said he. "Say—do I love thee, Nell, or no?"

The child only answered by her caresses, and laid her head upon his breast.

"Why dost thou sob?" said the grandfather, pressing her closer to him and glancing toward me. "Is it because thou know'st I love thee, and dost not like that I should seem to doubt it by my question? Well, well—then let us say I love thee dearly."

"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child with great earnestness, "Kit knows you do."

Kit, who in despatching his bread and meat had been swallowing two thirds of his knife at every mouthful with the coolness of a juggler, stopped short in his operations on being thus appealed to, and bawled "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't," after which he incapacitated himself for farther conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite.

"She is poor now"—said the old man patting the child's cheek, "but I say again that the time is coming when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing but waste and riot. When will it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "thou dost not know—how should'st thou!" Then he muttered again between his teeth, "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late!" and then he sighed and fell into his former musing state, and still holding the child between his knees appeared to be insensible to everything around him. By this time it wanted but a few minutes of midnight, and I rose to go, which recalled him to himself.

"One moment, sir," he said. "Now Kit—near midnight, boy, and you still here! Get home, get home, and be true to your time in the morning, for there's work to do. Good night! There, bid him good night, Nell, and let him be gone!"

"Good night, Kit," said the child, her eyes lighting up with merriment and kindness.

"Good night, Miss Nell," returned the boy.

"And thank this gentleman," interposed the old man, "but for whose care I might have lost my little girl to-night."

"No, no, master," said Kit, "that won't do, that won't."

"What do you mean?" cried the old man.

"I'd have found her, master," said Kit, "I'd have found her. I'd bet that I'd find her if she was above ground, I would as quick as anybody, master. Ha, ha, ha!"

Once more opening his mouth and shutting his eyes, and laughing like a stentor, Kit gradually backed to the door, and roared himself out.

Free of the room, the boy was not slow in taking his departure; when he had gone and the child was occupied in clearing the table, the old man said:

"I haven't seemed to thank you, sir, enough for what you have done to-night, but I do thank you humbly and heartily, and so does she, and her thanks are better worth than mine. I should be sorry that you went away and thought I was unmindful of your goodness, or careless of her—I am not indeed."

I was sure of that, I said, from what I had seen. "But," I added, "may I ask you a question?"

"Ay sir," replied the old man, "what is it?"

"This delicate child," said I, "with so much beauty and intelligence—has she nobody to care for her but you, has she no other companion or adviser?"

"No," he returned looking steadfastly in my face, "no, and she wants no other."

"But are you not fearful," said I, "that you may misunderstand a charge so tender? I am sure you mean well, but are you quite certain that you know how to execute such a trust as this? I am an old man, like you, and I am actuated by an old man's concern in all that is young and promising. Do you not think that what I have seen of you and this little creature to-night must have an interest not wholly free from pain?"

"Sir," rejoined the old man after a moment's silence, "I have no right to feel hurt at what you say. It is true that in many respects I am the child, and she the grown person—that you have seen already. But waking or sleeping, by night or day, in sickness or health, she is the one object of my care, and if you knew of how much care, you would look on me with different eyes, you would indeed. Ah! it's a weary life for an old man—a weary, weary life—but there is a great end to gain, and that I keep before me."

Seeing that he was in a state of excitement and impatience, I turned to put on an outer coat which I had thrown off on entering the room, purposing to say no more. I was surprised to see the child standing patiently by with a cloak upon her arm, and in her hand a hat and stick.

"Those are not mine, my dear," said I.

"No," returned the child quietly, "they are grandfather's."

"But he is not going out to-night."

"Oh, yes he is," said the child, with a smile.

"And what becomes of you my pretty one?"

"Me! I stay here, of course. I always do."

I looked in astonishment toward the old man but he was, or feigned to be, busied in the arrangement of his dress. From him I looked back to the slight gentle figure of the child. Alone! In that gloomy place all the long, dreary night!

She evinced no consciousness of my surprise, but cheerfully helped the old man with his cloak, and when he was ready took a candle to light us out. Finding that we did not follow as she expected, she looked back with a smile and waited for us. The old man showed by his face that he plainly understood the cause of my hesitation, but he merely signed to me with an inclination of the head to pass out of the room before him, and remained silent. I had no resource but to comply.

When we reached the door, the child setting down the candle, turned to say good night, and raised her face to kiss me. Then she ran to the old man, who folded her in his arms and bade "God bless her."

"Sleep soundly, Nell," he said in a low voice, "and angels guard thy bed. Do not forget thy prayers, my sweet."

"No indeed," answered the child fervently, "they make me feel so happy."

"That's well; I know they do; they should," said the old man. "Bless thee a hundred times. Early in the morning I will be home."

"You'll not ring twice," returned the child. "The bell wakes me, even in the middle of a dream."

With this they separated. The child opened the door (now guarded by a shutter which I had heard the boy put up before he left the house) and with another farewell, whose clear and tender note I have recalled a thousand times, held it until we had passed out. The old man paused a moment while it was gently closed and fastened on the inside, and satisfied that this was done, walked on at a slow pace. At the street-corner he stopped, and regarding me with a troubled countenance said that our ways were widely different and that he must take his leave. I would have spoken, but summoning up more alacrity than might have been expected in one of his appearance, he hurried away. I could see that twice or thrice he looked back as if to ascertain if I were still watching him, or perhaps to assure himself that I was not following at a distance. The obscurity of the night favored his disappearance, and his figure was soon beyond my sight.

I remained standing on the spot where he had left me, unwilling to depart, and yet unknowing why I should loiter there. I looked wistfully into the street we had lately quitted, and after a time directed my steps that way. I passed and re-passed the house, and stopped and listened at the door; all was dark, and silent as the grave.

Yet I lingered about, and could not tear myself away, thinking of all possible harm that might happen to the child—of fires and robberies and even murder—and feeling as if some evil must ensue if I turned my back upon the place. The closing of a door or window in the street brought me before the curiosity-dealer's once more; I crossed the road and looked up at the house to assure myself that the noise had not come from there. No, it was black, cold, and lifeless as before.

There were few passengers astir; the street was sad and dismal, and pretty well my own.—A few stragglers from the theatres hurried by, and now and then I turned aside to avoid some noisy drunkard as he reeled homewards; but these interruptions were not frequent, and soon ceased. The clock struck one. Still I paced up and down, promising myself that every time should be the last, and breaking faith with myself on some new plea as often as I did so.

The more I thought of what the old man had said, and of his looks and bearing, the less I could account for what I had seen and heard. I had a strange misgiving that his nightly absence was for no good purpose. I had only come to know the fact through the innocence of the child, and though the old man was by at the time and saw my undisguised surprise, he had preserved a strange mystery upon the subject, and offered no word of explanation. These reflections naturally recalled again more strongly than before his haggard face, his wandering manner, his restless, anxious looks. His affection for the child might not be inconsistent with villainy of the worst kind; even that very affection was in itself an extraordinary contradiction, or how could he leave her thus? Disposed as I was to think badly of him, I never doubted that his love for her was real.—I could not admit the thought, remembering what had passed between us, and the tone of voice in which he had called her by her name.

"Stop here, of course," the child had said in answer to my question, "I always do!" What could take him from home by night, and every night? I called up all the strange tales I had ever heard of dark and secret deeds committed in great towns and escaping detection for a long series of years; wild as many of these stories were, I could not find one adapted to this mystery, which only became the more impenetrable, in proportion as I sought to solve it.

Occupied with such thoughts as these, and a crowd of others all tending to the same point, I continued to pace the street for two long hours; at length the rain began to descend heavily, and then overpowered by fatigue though no less interested than I had been at first, I engaged the nearest coach and so got home. A cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, the lamp burnt brightly, my clock received me with its old familiar welcome; everything was quiet, warm, and cheering, and in happy contrast to the gloom and darkness I had quitted.

But all that night, waking or in my sleep, the same thoughts recurred and the same images retained possession of my brain. I had ever before me the old dark murky rooms—the gaunt suits of mail with their ghostly silent air—the faces all awry, grinning from wood and stone—the dust and rust and worm that lives in wood—and alone in the midst of all this lumber and decay and ugly age, the beautiful child in her gentle slumber, smiling through her light and sunny dreams.

* * * * * * *

After combating, for nearly a week, the feeling which impelled me to revisit the place I had quitted under the circumstances already detailed, I yielded to it at length; and determining that this time I would present myself by the light of day, bent myself thither early in the afternoon.

I walked past the house, and took several turns in the street, with that kind of hesitation which is natural to a man who is conscious that the visit he is about to pay is unexpected, and may not be very acceptable.

However, as the door of the shop was shut, and it did not appear likely that I should be recognised by those within, if I continued merely to pass up and down before it, I soon conquered this irresolution, and found myself in the Curiosity Dealer's warehouse.

The old man and another person were together in the back part, and there seemed to have been high words between them, for their voices which were raised to a very loud pitch suddenly stopped on my entering, and the old man advancing hastily toward me, said in a tremulous tone that he was very glad I had come.

"You interrupted us at a critical moment," he said, pointing to the man I had found in company with him; "this fellow will murder me one of these days. He would have done so, long ago, if he had dared."

"Bah! you would swear away my life if you could," returned the other, after bestowing a stare and a frown on me; "we all know that."

"I almost think I could," cried the old man, turning feebly upon him. "If oaths, or prayers, or words, could rid me of you, they should. I would be quit of you, and would be relieved if you were dead."

"I know it," returned the other. "I said so, didn't I? But neither oaths, nor prayers, nor words, will kill me, and therefore I live, and mean to live."

"And his mother died!" cried the old man, passionately clasping his hands and looking upward; "and this is Heaven's justice!"

The other stood lounging with his feet upon a chair, and regarded him with a contemptuous sneer. He was a young man of one-and-twenty or thereabouts; well made, and certainly handsome, though the expression of his face was far from prepossessing, having in common with his manner and even his dress, a dissipated, insolent air which repelled one.

"Justice or no justice," said the young man, "here I am and here I shall stop till such time as I think fit to go, unless you send for assistance to put me out—which you won't do, I know. I tell you again that I want to see my sister."

"Your sister," said the old man bitterly.

"Ah! You can't change the relationship," returned the other. "If you could, you'd have done it long ago. I want to see my sister, that you cooped up here, poisoning her mind with your sly secrets and pretending an affection for her that you may work her to death, and add a few scraped shillings every week to the money you can hardly count. I want to see her; and I will."

"Here's a moralist to talk of poisoned minds! Here's a generous spirit to scorn scraped up shillings;" cried the old man, turning from him to me. "A profligate, sir, who has forfeited every claim not only upon those who have the misfortune to be of his blood, but upon society which knows nothing of him but his misdeeds. A liar too," he added, in a low voice as he drew closer to me, "who knows how dear she is to me, and seeks to wound me even there, because there is a stranger by."

"Strangers are nothing to me, grandfather," said the young fellow, catching at the word, "nor I to them, I hope. The best they can do, is to keep an eye to their business and leave me to mine. There's a friend of mine waiting outside, and as it seems that I may have to wait some time, I'll call him in, with your leave."

Saying this, he stepped to the door, and looking down the street beckoned several times to some unseen person, who, to judge from the air of impatience with which these signals were accompanied, required a great quantity of persuasion to induce him to advance. At length there sauntered up, on the other side of the way—with a bad pretence of passing by accident—a figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness, which after many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road and was brought into the shop.

"There. It's Dick Swiveller," said the young fellow, pushing him in. "Sit down, Swiveller."

"But is the old man agreeable?" said Mr. Swiveller in an under tone.

"Sit down," repeated his companion.

Mr. Swiveller complied and looking about him with a propitiatory smile, observed that last week was a fine week for the ducks, and this week was a fine week for the dust; he also observed that while standing by the post at the street corner, he had observed a pig with a straw in his mouth issuing out of the tobacco-shop, from which appearance he augured that another fine week for the ducks was approaching, and the rain would certainly ensue. He furthermore took occasion to apologize for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes;" by which expression he was understood to convey to his hearers in the most delicate manner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk.

"But what," said Mr. Swiveller with a sigh, "what is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather! What is the odds so long as the spirit is expanded by means of rosy wine, and the present moment is the least happiest of our existence!"

"You needn't act the chairman here," said his friend, half aside.

"Fred," cried Mr. Swiveller, tapping his nose, "a word to the wise is sufficient for them—we may be good and happy without riches, Fred.—Say not another syllable. I know my cue; smart is the word. Only one little whisper, Fred—is the old man friendly?"

"Never mind," replied his friend.

"Right again, quite right," said Mr Swiveller, "caution is the word, and caution is the act."—With that, he winked as if in preservation of some deep secret, and folding his arms and leaning back in his chair, looked up at the ceiling with profound gravity.

It was perhaps not very unreasonable to suspect from what had already passed, that Mr. Swiveller was not quite recovered from the effects of the powerful sunlight to which he had made allusion; but if no suspicion had been awakened by his speech, his wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face, would still have been strong witness against him. His attire was not, as he had himself hinted, remarkably the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. It consisted of a brown body coat with a great many brass buttons up the front and only one behind, a bright check handkerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very ill-favored handkerchief; his dirty wristbands were pulled down as far as possible and ostentatiously folded back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger and a black ball in its grasp. With all these personal advantages (to which may be added a strong savor of tobacco-smoke, and a prevailing greasiness of appearance) Mr. Swiveller leant back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and occasionally pitching his voice to the needful key, obliged the company with a few bars of an intensely dismal air, and then, in the middle of a note, relapsed into his former silence.

The old man sat himself down in a chair, and, with folded hands, looked sometimes at his grandson and sometimes at his strange companion, as if he were utterly powerless, and had no resource but to leave them to do as they pleased. The young man reclined against a table at no great distance from his friend, in apparent indifference to every thing that had passed; and I—who felt the difficulty of any interference, notwithstanding that the old man had appealed to me, both by words and looks—made the best feint I could of being occupied in examining some of the goods that were disposed for sale, and paying very little attention to the persons before me.

The silence was not of long duration, for Mr. Swiveller, after favoring us with several melodious assurances that his heart was in the highlands, and that he wanted but his Arab steed, as a preliminary to the achievement of great feats of valor and loyalty, removed his eyes from the ceiling and subsided into prose again.

"Fred," said Mr. Swiveller, stopping short as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him, and speaking in the same audible whisper as before, "is the old man friendly?"

"What does it matter?" returned his friend, peevishly.

"No, but is he?" said Dick.

"Yes, of course. What do I care whether he is or not?"

Emboldened as it seemed by this reply to enter into a more general conversation, Mr. Swiveller plainly laid himself out to captivate our attention.

He began by remarking that soda water, though a good thing in the abstract, was apt to lie cold upon the stomach unless qualified with ginger or small effusion of brandy, which latter article he held to be preferable in all cases, saving for the one consideration of expense. Nobody venturing to dispute these positions, he proceeded to observe that the human hair was a great retainer of tobacco smoke, and that the young gentlemen of Westminster and Eton, after eating a vast quantity of apples to conceal any scent of cigars from their anxious friends, were usually detected in consequence of their heads possessing this remarkable property; whence he concludes that if the Royal Society would turn their attention to the circumstance, and endeavor to find in the resources of science a means of preventing such untoward revelations, they might indeed be looked upon as benefactors to mankind. These opinions being incontrovertible with those he had already pronounced, he went on to inform us that Jamaica rum, though unquestionably an agreeable spirit of great richness and flavor, had the draw-back of remaining constantly present to the taste next day, and nobody being venturous enough to argue this point either, he increased in confidence and became yet more companionable and communicative.

"It's a devil of a thing, gentlemen," said Mr. Swiveller,—"when relations fall out and disagree. If the wing of friendship should never moult a feather, the wing of relationship should never be clipped but be always expanded and serene. Why should a grandson and grandfather peg away at each other with mutual wiolence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not join hands and forget it?"

"Hold your tongue," said his friend.

"Sir," replied Mr. Swiveller, "don't you interrupt the chair. Gentlemen, how does the case stand, upon the present occasion? Here is a jolly old grandfather—I say it with the utmost respect—and here is a wild young grandson. The jolly old grandfather says to the wild young grandson, 'I have brought you up and educated you, Fred; I have put you in the way of getting on in life; you have bolted a little out of the course as young fellows often do; and you shall never have another chance, nor the ghost of half a one.' The wild young grandson makes answer to this and says, 'You're as rich as rich can be; you have been at no uncommon expense on my account, you're saving up piles of money for my little sister that lives with you in a secret, stealthy, hugger-mugger kind of way and with no manner of enjoyment—why can't you stand a trifle for your grown up relation?' The jolly old grandfather unto this, retorts, not only that he declines to fork out with that cheerful readiness which is always so agreeable and pleasant in a gentleman of his time of life, but that he will blow up, and call names, and make reflections whenever they meet. Then, the plain question is, an't it a pity that this state of things should continue, and how much better would it be for the old gentleman to hand over a reasonable amount of tin, and make it all right and comfortable?"

Having delivered this oration with a great many waves and flourishes of the hand, Mr. Swiveller abruptly thrust the head of his cane into his mouth as if to prevent himself from impairing the effect of his speech by adding one other word.

"Why do you hunt and persecute me, God help me!" said the old man turning to his grandson. "Why do you bring your profligate companions here? How often am I to tell you that my life is one of care and self denial, and that I am poor?"

"How often am I to tell you," returned the other, looking coldly at him, "that I know better?"

"You have chosen your own path," said the old man. "Follow it. Leave Nell and I to toil and work."

"Nell will be a woman soon," returned the other, "and bred in your faith, she'll forget her brother unless he shows himself sometimes."

"Take care," said the old man with sparkling eyes, "that she does not forget you when you would have her memory keenest. Take care that the day don't come when you walk barefoot in the streets, and she rides by in a carriage of her own."

"You mean when she has your money?" retorted the other. "How like a poor man he talks!"

"And yet," said the old man, dropping his voice and speaking like one who thinks aloud, "how poor we are, and what a life it is! The cause is a young child's guiltless of all harm or wrong, but nothing goes well with it! Hope and patience, and hope and patience."

These words were uttered in too low a tone to reach the ears of the young man. Mr. Swiveller appeared to think that they implied some mental struggle consequent upon the powerful effect of his address, for he poked his friend with his cane and whispered his conviction that he had administered 'a clincher,' and that he expected a commission on the profits. Discovering his mistake after a while, he appeared to grow rather sleepy and discontented, and had more than once suggested the propriety of an immediate departure, when the door opened, and the child herself appeared.

THE FUTURE.—Gently and smilingly, as a child in his cradle floats over the sea, glides onward the future through the present storm, till the appointed time comes, and the little Moses is picked up in the bulrushes, and grows to be a lawgiver and ruler.